

THE LISTENER, JULY 3, 1958. Vol. LX. No. 1527.

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# The Listener

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'Dancer', by an unknown artist, Yedo period, seventeenth century: detail from a sixfold screen on view at the exhibition of art treasures from Japan at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London (see page 24)

In this number:

The Dilemma of Security (Michael Howard)

Natural Selection after 100 Years (Sir Gavin de Beer)

The 'Beat Generation' in the United States (Alan Pryce-Jones)

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## July

Like so many other things in this modern world, tennis isn't what it was and it would seem unlikely, therefore, that Bluff King Hal would approve of Wimbledon. It may, perhaps, console this much-married monarch to know that nowadays we call *his* game 'Royal Tennis' and some of us still play it. But, from the game which, literally, was the sport of kings in the 16th and 17th centuries, we have evolved our own version and Tennis has (in the current idiom) been democratised. Now, that is a Good Thing; and the same process can be seen at work in other directions. Banking—although never exactly a sport of kings—was certainly at one time a privilege of wealth. It is quite otherwise today, when thousands of people of all occupations and all walks of life regard it as normal and unexceptional that they should possess accounts at the Midland Bank. And that is a Very Good Thing Indeed.

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# The Listener

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## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

- The Dilemma of Security (Michael Howard) ... 3  
Czechoslovakia: 'the Belgium of the East' (Anthony Rhodes) 5  
The Law of the Sea (L. J. Blom-Cooper) ... 6

### THE LISTENER:

- More Angry Young Men ... 8  
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... 8

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

- China's First Motor-car (David Chipp) ... 9  
Richmond Friary (Yvonne Adamson) ... 9  
I Always Wear a Hat (W. R. Rodgers) ... 9  
Comfort Station for Dogs (F. D. Walker) ... 10  
Cornwall's White Witches (Charles Causley) ... 10

### SCIENCE:

- Natural Selection after 100 Years (Sir Gavin de Beer) ... 11

### ART:

- Young and Angry, Then as Now (Julia Greenwood) ... 13  
Treasures of Japanese Art (Margaret Medley) ... 24

### LITERATURE:

- The 'Beat Generation' in the United States (Alan Pryce-Jones) ... 15  
The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 25

### RELIGION:

- Should We End or Mend the Establishment? (Alec Vidler) 17

### NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 18

### PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST (The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, C.B.E., M.P.) ... 20

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From Howard Somervell, Rev. Joseph McCulloch, Sidney Salomon, Cecil Roth, John Pudney, Rev. Isaac Levy, Norman Suckling, and Joseph Johnson ... 21

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden) ... 29  
Television Drama (Vincent Brome) ... 29  
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... 30  
The Spoken Word (Philip Henderson) ... 31  
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 31

### MUSIC:

- The Music of Herbert Murrill (Alan Frank) ... 33

### HOW TO DEAL WITH DRY ROT AND WOODWORM (H. J. Eldridge) 35

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 35

### CROSSWORD NO. 1,466 ... 35

## The Dilemma of Security

By MICHAEL HOWARD

IN politics, as in the sciences, it is important to get our pre-suppositions right. If we start by assuming that the sun, moon, and stars revolve round a placidly immobile earth, our conclusions about astronomy will not only be invalid but will eventually seem nonsensical and contradictory even to ourselves. Much of the confusion which arises when we think about international relations comes from a similar false presupposition. We tend to think that the natural condition of sovereign states is the sort of tolerant amity which exists between neighbours in a peaceful town—that peace is something, so to speak, 'given', a normal state of affairs which it requires no great effort to maintain; and we therefore tend to believe the corollary that war arises only as the result of the machinations of 'aggressor' nations, which can be held in check so long as the remaining nations of the world remain strongly armed.

I suggest that this picture is false, much as that of the pre-Copernican universe is false. It comes from a failure to understand that any condition of stability arises from a conflict of tensions, and in relations between sovereign states such tensions are always present. The existence of a powerful totalitarian state professing a revolutionary ideology, such as France at the end of the eighteenth century or Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia in the twentieth, obviously creates an unstable international situation. But this is not so much an aberration from the normal pattern of international relations as an intensification of some of their usual, though more unpleasant, characteristics. Even if Russia today were not a proselytising Communist power, the international situation would still be 'unstable'. The nations of the world would still maintain armed forces equipped with the latest and most formidable weapons to protect their national interests and independence. Those interests would still often conflict; and situations might still arise of which the only outcome could be the surrender of one of the parties concerned, or resort to force.

This basic instability arises from the fact that 'national interests' are not static affairs like so much real estate, which can be precisely defined and respected. They are activities: they consist largely of men doing things, often far beyond their national boundaries, and doing things which for better or worse are changing the world. It may be by carrying on commerce. It may be by the exploitation of mineral resources. It may be, most disruptive of all, by the spread of new religions or new concepts of political authority and social relations. These actions will seem, to the men or nations engaged in them, to be normal and legitimate economic activities, or the necessary preaching of the truth—Islam, Christianity, or Communism. But they may conflict with activities being carried out by other groups within the same area, and, even if they do not, the societies at the receiving end may strongly object to them. The Chinese did not relish their contacts with European traders in the nineteenth century; nor did the Boers like the Uitlanders who came to exploit their mineral wealth. To them the intrusion was a threat to an existing 'way of life' which they were prepared to fight to defend as we are prepared to defend ours against Communist intrusion. There are admittedly certain fortunate and self-contained communities whose interests rarely conflict with those of others; but in this shrunken, interdependent world of the twentieth century they are necessarily few.

It is only when societies are economically static and the bounds of authority are both known and accepted that the opportunities of conflict can be reduced. The greater the rate and intensity of change and intercommunication, the greater the incidence of conflict becomes; and for the past 200 years, as we know, the rate of change has been stupendous. The motive power in this change has been the ideas and actions of our own Western society—ideas which one can loosely call 'liberal', or 'bourgeois', or even 'capitalist'. The utilitarian and liberal ideals which developed in revolt against traditional social and political authorities, the free



intellectual enquiry which led to geographical exploration and scientific advance, the enterprise of merchants and manufacturers in breaking away from traditional economic patterns and developing new processes and opening new markets, all have contributed to an explosive chain-reaction which shattered the old order in Europe and from Europe has spread to destroy traditional societies all over the world. The explosions are still going on. Societies were once transformed in Africa and Asia by Lancashire cotton and Birmingham hardware and Bible-bearing missionaries; now the transformation is being worked by hydraulic power-projects, and penicillin, and ideas of government hammered out in the universities of the West. The great revolutionaries of the world have been neither romantic anarchists nor the cold zealots of the Communist party machine. They have been business men from the Midlands and the Ruhr and the Middle West. The Russians are only now beginning to show signs of catching us up.

### Struggle between two Dynamic Societies

We are not, then, defending a settled order of society, as were Metternich and his allies after the Congress of Vienna: this is one of the major errors into which many Western thinkers tend to fall. We are defending a dynamic, changing, revolutionary society and all its activities; a society whose impact on the world has been far greater than that of Communism—and just as odious to those who disliked it. Indeed, of the two creeds our own is by far the more revolutionary, for we see no necessary end to our revolution. The Communists have as their goal a static, classless society, and their ideal is reflected in the disciplined, authoritarian rigidity of their political organization. For us change is almost an absolute. Opportunity for change is the essence of our political structure. We believe in no ultimate balance; we are prepared, in Tennyson's words, to 'let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change'. The conflict in the world today is not one between a static society defending its established interests and a dynamic one attacking them. It is between two forms of society, both dynamic, struggling for mastery among the collapsing traditional civilisations of the world.

It is this dynamic quality in the activity of all human societies, and especially of our own, which makes any belief that peace is 'natural' and conflict 'unnatural' as untenable as the beliefs of pre-Copernican astronomers. The picture of the universe which Copernicus and Newton painted is in fact very true of international relations as well. The relations between states, like those between heavenly bodies, are determined by a balance of forces and interests, often discernible only to specialists—tensions of which the ordinary man is usually happily unaware. Peace is therefore at the mercy of more chances than the possible existence of a state more 'aggressive' than its rivals; and this is the context in which we must think about the possession and use of armed force.

The search for security presents nations with an almost classic dilemma. If a state is unable to play its part in the balance of tensions which preserves the existing order, and impotent to protect its interests against an adversary prepared to use force, not only may that state be eclipsed altogether but a disturbance may result which ends in far wider conflicts. No situation is more dangerous than that caused by a vacuum of power. The chronic inability of Poland to protect herself throughout the centuries did not lead to peace on the eastern marches of Europe; the military weakness of the Ottoman Empire was a factor as disturbing to peace in the nineteenth century as its military power had been in centuries gone by. Impotence offers nations no escape from their problems. If on the other hand a state maintains forces adequate to protect its territory and its interests, those forces will always be viewed by its neighbours as a potential menace, to be countered by equivalent or stronger forces of their own; and an arms race begins which contributes powerfully and sometimes fatally to international tension.

These are the alternative dangers between which statesmen have constantly to steer. For nearly sixty years—since the first Peace Conference met at The Hague in 1899—we have been vainly seeking for some way out of this dilemma, for some distinction between defensive and aggressive weapons. The only answer seems to be that given by Sir Stephen King-Hall, that it all depends at which end of the weapon you happen to be standing.

Few forces can ever have been so vital to peaceful national policy, so sincerely dedicated to defensive purposes as was the British Navy in the nineteenth century; but first the French and then the Germans showed an obstinate reluctance to remain permanently inferior to a potential enemy who might bombard their coasts, land an invading force, and destroy their overseas trade. The Germans during the same period believed that their large army, with its openly offensive strategy, was the only answer to the Franco-Russian menace of a war on two fronts; but there were few people outside the Hohenzollern Empire who viewed it in the same light.

Armaments are effective guarantees of peace only when one nation can secure a superiority of force so overwhelming that it creates thereby a sort of imperial, super-national sovereignty. Anything less than this will be viewed as a challenge to be equalled and surpassed. Such was the situation between 1870 and 1914, when the military budgets of France and Germany and the naval budgets of Germany and Britain leap-frogged their way to astronomical proportions, and we seem to have got ourselves into the same sort of situation today. How can we ever believe that the armaments of a rival state are intended only to deter us from using our own? Why, conversely, should we expect them to believe the same about ours? It becomes fatally easy, once such a race has begun, to regard war as ultimately inevitable, and the danger grows that one of the antagonists will precipitate it at the moment most favourable to itself.

Security can thus as seldom be obtained by increasing expenditure on defence as health can be obtained by spending more on doctors and drugs. It is desirable to have some medicines on hand; occasionally it may be vital; but too many drugs in a household is a sign of hypochondria, not of health, and a swollen defence establishment may be much the same. Unfortunately political hypochondria is catching and can be fatal. Germany's huge military expenditure before 1914 did not set at rest her fears that France would one day attack her to regain Alsace-Lorraine. On the contrary; that expenditure created tensions which made Germany and the world genuinely insecure. Suspicion and paranoia of this sort can all too easily reach the point when the very existence of other sovereign states seems a threat to security, and safety seems to lie only in conquest: conquest to achieve a defensible frontier; or to eliminate a restless and dangerous neighbour, as Austria attempted in Italy in 1859 and in the Balkans in 1914; or, like Japan in 1941, to gain economic resources to secure independence of outside powers. Thus it happens that a nation may believe that it is acting from the purest motives of defence and security, yet pursue a course of aggression which shocks the conscience of the civilized world.

### Central Problems of Defence

It may seem academic and unrealistic to have talked for so long about security without any mention of nuclear weapons. I have done so because I want to establish that the central problems which beset us do not arise from the existence of these weapons and would not disappear if they were to be abandoned, either unilaterally or by general agreement. If the world had never heard of atomic energy we should still be faced with the intractable question: are we prepared, if necessary, to defend our interests and our independence by force? And if we are, how can we persuade our neighbours that our forces are genuinely intended only for our own protection, and will under no circumstances be used aggressively? This still remains the basic problem in the nuclear age. Nuclear weapons have not created it; but they have made our ability to find a solution the condition of the survival of mankind. They have intensified the problem; yet I am not sure that they have necessarily complicated it.

States need arms for two purposes: first, to protect and forward their interests in the world as a whole, in the dwindling number of instances when this can be done by armed force; and, secondly, to protect their own territory and peoples against attack. The nature of arms for the first purpose has not yet been affected by the development of atomic energy. Nuclear weapons are not yet instruments of national policy; unless some explicit agreement is reached about the use of tactical atomic weapons, minor wars are likely to be waged with conventional forces for many years to come. But forces for the conduct of such conflicts are seldom



regarded as a menace to the peace of the world. It is the forces which great states need for their own protection that have always posed the dilemma which we have been discussing. In the era of conventional weapons, Continental states needed forces large enough not simply to repel attack, but to counter-attack—if they failed to get their blow in first—and win the war. No lesser ‘deterrent’ would do: the French attempt to find one in the Maginot Line and an army organised purely defensively ended in dismal failure. A ‘deterrent’ of conventional forces was thus not only crippling expensive but seemed to present a constant threat of aggressive attack.

Perhaps nuclear weapons offer us some ultimate hope of escaping from this dilemma. It is no longer necessary for states to maintain forces strong enough to ‘win a war’, for in nuclear war victory will be irrelevant. There is no need, therefore, for constant and competitive increase in the size and power of defence establishments. The nuclear deterrent will consist of the capacity to land a handful of hydrogen bombs in the territory of any adversary. There are few national interests for which states will fight, however overwhelming their power may be, if this is the penalty they must suffer in return.

Problems involved in the possession of nuclear weapons need no labouring, but it is also worth considering their compensations. We have escaped, perhaps for ever, from the piling up of huge

armies and navies which bedevilled international relations before the first world war, and from the great armoured and air forces which preceded the second. The ‘essence of defence’ no longer consists in the accumulation of arms to fight a prolonged war, with a consequent large-scale diversion of men and resources from civilian purposes. It lies in the known and continuing capacity to retaliate with a few weapons of devastating force against the enemy homeland. Within a few decades the development of nuclear-powered submarines and mobile rocket bases should make such retaliatory capacity ever more economical, effective, and impossible to destroy.

We speak hopefully of abolishing nuclear weapons, of ‘banning the bomb’; but even if this could be done we would only be confronted once again with the old dilemma of security, in terms of massive conventional arms. Is it really over-optimistic to suggest that atomic weapons may offer the world better hope of relative safety than did that ‘old regime’? And relative safety is as much as we can ever hope for. Neither nuclear weapons nor conventional weapons nor total disarmament can guarantee us anything more. Perfect security is something which nations cannot expect, any more than men can, this side of the grave. And the sooner we can reconcile ourselves to this and not be worried by it, the better is our chance, and that of our children, of dying in our beds.—*Third Programme*

## Czechoslovakia: ‘the Belgium of the East’

By ANTHONY RHODES

THE Czechs are probably the least concerned of the satellite peoples about the execution of Imre Nagy. They are less interested in politics than in economics. Alone among the satellites they have achieved the remarkably ambidextrous feat of appearing both prosperous and good Marxists at once. If the shop-windows of Prague today display the usual cartoons showing Uncle Sam and the Pope making atom-bombs, they also contain washing-machines, refrigerators and vacuum-cleaners. In a remote Slovak village I counted thirty television aërials. It has been much easier to produce these things than it has been for, say, the Hungarians and Rumanians who have no industrial tradition. Czechoslovakia has always been orderly, bourgeois, industrious. She is, therefore, in Russian eyes today the model satellite. Moreover, she hates the Germans; and, after her treatment in 1938, she distrusts the West.

In spite of this she feels she still belongs to the West. It is a paradox. She has turned her back politically on the West—and yet longs for it emotionally. I heard Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra cheered so enthusiastically, and for so long, last month, that the conductor was almost moved to tears. He made a short speech at the end, while the audience surged round him, finishing with these words: ‘God bless you!’ To which several of them cried, ‘We need it!’ More cheering crowds lined the street for half a mile outside the concert hall afterwards.

Russia may try for cultural control of this country as well—but she cannot achieve it. Excellent Russian theatrical and artistic entertainments succeed one another weekly in Prague; but they evoke only faint interest, while tickets for any entertainment from the West are sold out weeks beforehand. As soon as a Western book appears on the stalls (for instance, the novel by Graham Greene, which came out while I was in Prague) queues form for it, and it is sold out within an hour. And then the *Daily Worker*—a number of English-speaking Czechs read it rather than their own press, on the ground that any newspaper from the West must be more truthful. There is also ignorance about the West. One man, a musician, said to me, ‘You really ought to lock up the head of your Church, you know. If he goes on talking like that, you may get Communism too’. He was confusing the Dean of Canterbury with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

But there are also some surprising similarities between our two countries. There are, for instance, a number of angry young Czechs who, one would suppose, would have benefited from the

Government’s social measures—free universities, medical attention, and so forth. But no—you will meet them in student *cafés*, and they will talk exactly like our angry young men (only in whispers), saying that the Government is no good, and the alternative even worse. They speak bitterly of those with privileges, the aristocracy with smart motor-cars, lovely women and expense accounts. The new aristocracy that is, of course, for the old one has almost completely disappeared.

I met one of the few survivors of the old aristocracy, Graf Sternberk. His family castle now belongs to the state and he lives in it as caretaker, conducting tours of trippers around it. For this, he is paid £4 a month—which he lives on, together with such tips as he can pick up from the trippers. He told me that trippers, mostly workers, are well behaved. Almost all of them commiserate with him about his downfall, and one of them even said after a conducted tour, ‘Thank you so much, *Comrade Graf!*’

In the satellite lands the Westerner is suddenly aware after about a fortnight of what is essentially missing—the greedy but lively faces of prosperous men, or men determined to be prosperous. This is what gives the main vitality to a place like London—the people out to make a fortune, whom you see everywhere, on the streets, in the restaurants, on the tubes. But here everyone is a salary earner. You may go up in the scale, but you can never become master of your own concern, let alone a Henry Ford. The lively faces have gone, replaced by blank expressionless ones. And with them too have gone all the colour of the impertinent advertisements to buy their proprietary goods—and also, alas, the goods themselves.

A last word about prices. All essentials are very cheap, but anything that can be remotely called a luxury is very expensive. I worked out that for the price of one small whisky one could have fifty tram-rides all around Prague. Everything is done in fact to keep down the prices paid by the workers. In spite of these Draconian measures, the standard of living of the workers is only a little higher than it was in 1939. Considering that in the West it is much higher, Communism cannot claim much success even here, on its chosen ground.

Czechoslovakia is the most prosperous country among the satellites today, the ‘Belgium of the East’ as it is called. But with a proper economy, in a system where the Czechs were allowed full use of their undoubted commercial talents, it would be as prosperous as Belgium itself.

—*‘At Home and Abroad’ (Home Service)*



# The Law of the Sea

L. J. BLOM-COOPER on territorial waters and fishing rights

THE maritime nations of Nato have been passing through some pretty choppy waters these last few weeks in attempts to protect their fishing industries. Ever since the Geneva Conference on the law of the sea ended in April with failure to agree on the width of a state's territorial waters, there has been a danger that some states would unilaterally declare a limit up to twelve miles. And this would mean the closure of a number of fishing grounds to foreign fleets. On June 30 the Icelandic Government passed a decree—to take effect from September 1—extending its fishing rights to twelve miles; and the Government of the Faroe Islands has said that it may have to follow suit in order to protect its fishing industry if Faroese trawlermen are forced out of Icelandic waters. But the Faroese are governed in their foreign affairs by Denmark. And although the Danes have recently supported the Faroese in their claim, they are unwilling to take any action without first conferring with other North Atlantic states. And Denmark is also bound by a convention with Britain, which still has seven years to run, in which the rights of British deep-sea trawlermen to fish in the Faroese waters are clearly defined. Norway, which has always favoured an extension to twelve miles, has been notably silent but is known to support this latest move for wider rights.

All this is leading towards legal anarchy on the seas, with Britain and other European maritime nations facing the loss of valuable and long-standing fishing grounds. Britain, for example, has fished in Icelandic waters continuously for seventy or eighty years. The British deep-sea trawler fleet based on Hull, Grimsby, and Fleetwood comprises some 250 large and modern trawlers and lands a yearly catch to the value of £9,000,000. This catch represents 40 per cent. of the total catch of the distant-water fleet and from something like 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. of all the fish that British fishing fleets bring in from all waters. The effect of an extension by Iceland alone to twelve miles would mean Britain searching for new fishing grounds. The loss involved would take many years to recoup. And fish in general are not found in the middle of oceans; they tend to hug the warmer waters of the coastlines.

The core of the problem is what should be the width of a state's territorial waters in international law. In these waters a coastal state has complete sovereignty. She can exclude any foreign fishermen and also, if she wishes to do so, usually for conservation purposes, keep her own fishermen out of them. What lies outside territorial waters are the high seas, of which anyone is free to make reasonable use. An extension to twelve miles might deprive of their character as high seas such important maritime links as the Straits of Gibraltar, the Gulf of Aqaba or the Bab-el-Mandeb at the southern end of the Red Sea. But the closure of part of the high seas would still carry one important qualification. Every state is entitled to have for her own fleets a right of innocent passage through other states' territorial waters. Whatever may be the international law on territorial limits, Israel, for instance, is entitled to unhindered passage for her fleet through the Gulf of Aqaba to the port of Elath. The principle was well demonstrated



Hauling in the catch on a British deep-sea trawler

Hulton Picture Library

in April of this year by the release by the Egyptians of two British ships of an inland water squadron. These ships had been driven into Egyptian waters from their patrol off the Libyan shores.

What then is the rule of international law on the width of territorial waters? Traditionally, I have said, it is three miles. But in recent years three miles has not been so universally accepted, and three miles was not always the accepted limit. Maritime claims have passed through three phases: there was, first, the period of extensive claims—Venice claimed the Adriatic, Genoa the Ligurian Sea, Spain the New World, Britain the British seas, and the Kingdom of Denmark-Norway all the northern seas. Even during this period there was a fundamental difference in approach. Britain and others were claiming jurisdiction certainly, but not exclusive sovereignty, that is to say they did not deny to others the freedoms of navigation, commerce, and fishing. The claims of Spain, Portugal, and the Scandinavian countries, on the other hand, were decidedly exclusive in their attempts to capture the northern trade. It was these competing notions of exclusive sovereignty and freedom of the seas that led to the second phase, ending in about 1700, with the freedom of the seas triumphant. From then on only one question remained: how far did the coastal state need to extend its jurisdiction?

The birth of the three-mile rule came at the end of the seventeenth century. It is commonly thought that its origin is due solely to the fact that a state's sovereignty should extend over the sea as far as a cannon-ball could reach. In fact the three-mile limit was adopted as the equivalent of cannon range only at the end of the eighteenth century. The true reason for adopting it is much more complex than that and, for one thing, cannon range had little to do with fisheries. It was a rule of neutrality that merchant ships in time of war were entitled to exemption from capture while within cannon range of fortified neutral ports or bases. The three-mile rule had more to do with the claims of the French and Dutch, who were retreating from the closed-seas principle. Their theory rested on the claim to all waters within range of vision from their shores. Consequently, by the beginning of this century the three-mile limit had gained general acceptance.



The nineteenth and twentieth centuries witnessed, however, a parallel movement for extending this limit. Some based this urge on the fact that it no longer represented cannon range. Others noted that the increased speed of vessels, the advent of steam-power, more effective methods of fishing, and scientific knowledge on the habits of and necessity for conserving fish all called for wider limits. The Dutch as early as 1896 proposed a conference designed to consider a six-mile limit, a proposal to which the British gave a cold shoulder. Rebuff to proposals for a six-mile limit came again from Britain at the forty-two-nation conference at The Hague in 1930. Professor Waldo of Oxford hit the nail on the head when he stated in 1956 that Britain's failure to yield to a six-mile limit then, at a time when she could successfully influence the nations of the world, was 'a major blunder by which a golden opportunity was lost of settling this vexed problem'. At Geneva this year Britain was unable to convince the eighty-six-nation conference—all with a single vote—that the three-mile limit should be retained; and her offer of a compromise, shared with the United States, of a qualified six-mile limit failed to attract the necessary two-thirds majority, although it achieved a simple majority and was the most favoured motion put forward.

### The Writing on the Wall

There were, I think, two particular signs that the writing was on the wall. In the Anglo-Norwegian Fisheries case before the International Court of Justice in 1951 Britain accepted—and the court concurred—the claim by Norway that she was entitled to four miles in view of her historic rights. And the reference by that court to 'the economic rights of the inhabitants' as a relevant factor for determining the base lines for territorial waters led some states unjustifiably, I think, to claim a wider belt. The court held that in the case of deeply indented coast lines, such as Norway's, territorial waters were measured from headland to headland and not from the low-water mark—this itself gives a greater width than was normal.

The second and perhaps more persuasive factor was the statement of the International Law Commission. This organ of the United Nations had referred to it in 1951 the task of drafting articles on the law of the sea. It was on these articles, which were published in 1956, that the Geneva Conference based its deliberations. The vital article was most unhappily worded. The Commission considered that 'international law does not permit an extension of the territorial sea beyond twelve miles'. This was taken to imply that a twelve-mile limit would be a legally acceptable standard. True, it ruled out grossly extravagant claims of such states as Ecuador or Peru to 200 miles. But a claim to twelve miles could no longer be thought of as a cynical disregard for international law. Claims by Iceland and the Faroeese had now to be seriously considered. Was there now in fact a justification for making inroads into the high seas and allowing states to push out their claims from their shores?

The justification for unilateral action rests substantially on three grounds. Under international law a state, it is said, has a legal title to twelve miles. This is at best doubtful. Although it has been given some basis by the International Law Commission's article, it has little else to support it. A more moderate claim to six miles might well be legally justifiable as well as being likely to command international agreement—Geneva has demonstrated this much. Secondly, it is said that fishing grounds are being over-fished and, therefore, steps must be taken towards conservation. Scientists say that there is absolutely no sign of overfishing. Britain's principal catch round Iceland, for example, is cod; it accounts for almost 60 per cent. of the total weight of fish caught and yet the density of cod in that area has not greatly altered in fifty years. And what is more the Geneva Conference itself in a Fisheries Conservation Convention adopted an article which allows a state to take unilateral action to conserve fisheries on the high seas adjacent to the coastal state. The Convention says that such measures must be preceded by negotiations over six months, must be based on scientific findings, must not discriminate against foreign fishermen and that, if there is failure to agree with the states fishing in the waters, there must be an impartial arbitration. During the period of negotiations, however, the state can take unilateral action to conserve fisheries in adjacent waters.

But the most valid and intractable argument is that certain

states are so dependent on fish as the nation's staple diet that for them the issue is a matter of life and death. There has not been any destruction of the fish supplies in the North Sea but the human populations round these fishing areas have increased and, proportionately, so have their country's needs. The epitome of the present dilemma was the dispute between Britain and Iceland in 1952. The British fishing industry, backed by the Government, refused to allow landings in Britain of Icelandic trawlermen's fishing catch. The subsequent agreement allowed for a specific amount to be landed annually, but over the past year less than 25 per cent. of the permitted supplies were landed.

The plea of Iceland is political. She has more than sufficient fish supplies for her own people; any additional catch her trawlermen can bring in is for sale in the world markets. At present the Soviet Union is getting this supply by offering higher prices than anybody else to the Icelanders. The Soviet Union's aim is to attract Iceland out of the Nato alliance because she is fearful of the American missile bases there. Iceland's Government, which has some Communists in it—her Minister of Fisheries is a Communist—is well disposed to this situation and is on the point of giving the American forces notice to quit their bases. The Nato countries are afraid that if they do not accede to Iceland's request for wider fishing limits a vulnerable Nato base will be lost to the world. It would be wrong to suggest that this was the only or decisive factor. Even Canada voted against the U.S.-U.K. proposal at Geneva for a six-mile limit, whereas Norway found herself able to compromise her sympathy for a twelve-mile limit and vote in favour. The main opposition to the compromise proposal came from the eastern European countries, the South American republics, and the Arab states. Much irritation was felt among north Atlantic countries that the fishing problem so vital to them should be jeopardised by landlocked states such as Czechoslovakia and by far-off and therefore directly unaffected countries such as Indonesia.

The agreement reached at Geneva in the early hours of the last day of the conference for a further United Nations conference to be convened next year has not deterred some states from seeking to take the law into their own hands. Nor did the warnings given at the Nato conference in May prove to be of any avail. The suggestion which came from Denmark, and was supported by Belgium, for a regional conference of North Sea fishing states early this autumn offers the best hope for solution. It is almost certain that the European countries will aim to agree on a six-mile limit and that this may well prove successful, to the relief of fishermen as well as politicians.

It would not be right to conclude without dispelling the impression given in the press and possibly, I fear, in this talk that because the limits of territorial waters were not agreed upon the Geneva Conference was a failure. Apart from the conservation convention to which I have referred, conventions were signed on other aspects of the law of the sea—other problems relating to territorial waters, the high seas and the continental shelf. These four conventions are open for ratification until October 31, 1958; they are likely to secure the necessary twenty-two states' ratifications. Too often Geneva has been called the home of lost international causes. The conference there on the law of the sea did nothing to confirm this unwarranted reputation.

—Third Programme

Speaking in 'Radio Newsreel' THEO DE BOER said:

'There is no longer any clear justification for saying that the whaling industry is a cruel business. It certainly has not been since seventeen of the twenty whaling nations have ratified the 1946 International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling. This Convention contains every conceivable precaution against the ruthless hunting of the great sea mammal. This, in the long run, is as much in the industry's interests as it is in the elementary interests of the whales themselves. This was one of the points made by the Dutch Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, Mr. Vondeling, when he opened the International Whaling Conference in the Hague last week. The posting of official observers in all the catchers flying the flags of the signatory countries makes sure that the crews live up to the provisions of the Convention. Also keeping a watchful eye on how the whaling fleet goes about its work are the Argus eyes of the extremely diligent World Federation for the Protection of Animals'.



# The Listener

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## More Angry Young Men

THERE are angry young men in America too. We publish elsewhere in this number a talk given by Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones on the 'Beat Generation' of American poets and writers in which he considers their sociological background. Every generation, if it has any life in it at all, possesses its group of revolutionaries who protest against the established order. They may not always be writers. In the seventeenth century it was the Puritans; in the eighteenth the Wesleyans; in the nineteenth there was the Oxford movement. Miss Julia Greenwood, in another talk which is published in this number, reminds us that the pre-Raphaelites were revolutionaries who protested against many aspects of Victorian culture. At the end of the century another protest came from Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley; and so it goes on. It appears from Mr. Pryce-Jones' analysis that the 'Beat Generation' have an even better cause than our angry young men over here to search after something new. In Britain, after all, they 'look back in anger' at an order of society which is certainly changing and might even be said to be on the decline. If it is true to say that Britain is still ruled by an 'Establishment', it is a much larger establishment than it used to be. Mr. Pryce-Jones himself has often been said to belong to it and so no doubt do dozens of Civil Servants, heads of colleges and the like. It cannot be too difficult to get in touch with the Establishment; it is not a guarded circle.

In the United States, paradoxically enough, the break-through is less easy. For, as Mr. Pryce-Jones points out, American writers and artists are 'inextricably involved in the reactions of a civilisation which thinks of money in idealistic terms.' It is well known that the numerous charitable trusts which promote scholarship and art have a preference for subsidising causes, programmes, and institutions rather than individuals. Both in literature and in scholarship the American writer has many temptations to toe the line, to follow the rules. Best-sellers seem to follow a prescribed pattern. Overhead costs are so high that both theatrical producers and publishers have to be careful how they commit themselves. They can always risk satires, for the Americans like satirising themselves—even if they are not so keen when other people do so. But the 'Beat Generation' rather shockingly attacks not merely aspects of the American way of life but the way of life itself. Our angry young men are scarcely so radical: they, after all, are themselves the very definite product of the Welfare State in which they live and work.

Of course the radicals or revolutionaries of one generation are the grand old men of the next. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells tried hard to remain *avant-garde* but inevitably they became respectable subjects for research theses before they died. (H. G. Wells is now undergoing at the University of Illinois the same scholarly editing and appraisal to which Thackeray and Henry James have been submitted.) In a later generation Dame Edith Sitwell, who herself taught us how the advanced poets of one age become the classics of the next, is now a universally venerated figure whose distinction as a poet is everywhere acclaimed. One would not be surprised if even the 'Beat Generation' will not one day join, say, W. H. Auden among the professors.

## What They Are Saying

### Foreign broadcasts on Cyprus

MOSCOW RADIO ON JUNE 20 gave its listeners an outline of the new British plan for Cyprus and explained that it was meant to 'decide the fate of Cyprus without the participation of its population and preserve British positions on the island'. The plan ignored the people's national aspirations and insistent demands for self-determination rather than 'limited self-rule within the framework of a colonial system'.

The Chinese newspaper *Jenmin Jih Pao*, quoted by the New China News Agency on June 21, described the British plan as 'a colonialist fraud' and said there was no chance of success either for it or for 'the U.S. colonialist double-faced tactics'. The unjustifiable Turkish attitude was being used by the British to stall a solution, 'so as to retain the island as a military base'. The Washington-inspired emergency Nato meeting, which delayed the plan's announcement, had failed to settle the differences between Britain, Greece, and Turkey. 'In making this move', the Chinese report continued, 'the U.S.A. of course had her own fish to fry—to take advantage of the current situation to rope the island into the Nato framework, in other words to get it under U.S. control.'

Radio comment and quoted press comment from Greece and Turkey has followed familiar lines and opposed the plan for different reasons. Radio Ankara on June 19 carried a statement by the Turkish Foreign Minister who declared that his Government was convinced that partition was the best solution for a final settlement of the Cyprus problem but had nevertheless replied favourably to Mr. Macmillan's proposal for a conference at the highest level. The Turkish daily *Zafer*, quoted on June 20, denounced the British plan as unrealistic. Two rallies on the Cyprus question relayed by Radio Ankara on June 21 included threats to take Cyprus and invade Greece if partition was not adopted. Another *Zafer* article quoted in Ankara's 'Radio Journal' on June 23 said that the British plan offered no solution; its claim to meet the aspirations of both sides was a 'mockery'.

Radio Athens said on June 19 that the plan could not be accepted 'unless its basic lines are amended', while later commentaries for Cyprus affirmed that the inevitable rejection of the plan would further aggravate the situation on the island. Other broadcasts from Athens on June 22 and 23 said that British hopes of 'deceiving' the Cypriots by the new plan were doomed to failure; they had now finally lost the friendship of the Cypriot people. Furthermore, since the plan ignored the Cypriot people and their rights, it was an attack on United Nations principles; the U.N. should give ear to proposals put forward from neutral sources that U.N. forces should keep order in Cyprus until the people of the island could decide their fate, with safeguards for the Turkish minority.

The successive waves of world-wide indignation over the execution of Mr. Nagy and his Hungarian colleagues left Moscow radio unmoved in its contention that Western reaction was quite unjustified and designed to produce yet another pretext for avoiding summit talks, besides distracting attention from really vital international problems such as the Lebanon. There was no disposition to seek to justify the execution of Mr. Nagy by reasoned argument or to examine it in the context of the current dispute with Yugoslavia. Typical of several commentaries was one on June 21 by Piotr Zarin who said that 'the Western Powers seem now to be scraping the bottom of the barrel for excuses not to hold summit talks. The execution of a handful of traitors in Hungary . . . has been jumped at with evident relief in Washington and London'.

On June 24 Moscow radio gave in full a *Pravda* leading article which began by referring to the Western 'campaign' about the execution of Mr. Nagy and to 'well-organised' provocations against Hungarian and Soviet Embassies and the premises of Communist Parties, adding that the 'pogrom-mongers enjoy the patronage of the police and the authorities'. These imperialist tactics, the editorial continued, recalled those in the autumn of 1956 'when the reactionaries in the U.S.A., Britain and France, having raised a hysterical clamour around the events in Hungary, started the Anglo-French-Israeli aggression against Egypt'.



# Did You Hear That?

## CHINA'S FIRST HOME-MADE MOTOR-CAR

'A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO', said DAVID CHIPP in 'Today', 'the Chinese leader Mao Tse-tung laughingly told a European diplomat in Peking that China's three great contributions to civilisation had been traditional medicine, a novel called *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, and the game mah-jong. It is not surprising therefore that the Chinese head of state uses the game's terminology to emphasise a political point. In Moscow last November, talking of the strength of Communism, he proclaimed that the east wind was now prevailing over the west wind. And now in the last few weeks we have heard that the name "East Wind"—the position of strength and dominance in mah jong—has been given to the first motor-car ever to be made in China.

'A week or so ago Mao Tse-tung himself went for a ride in the prototype of this maroon six-seater car which has been made in China's number one motor works at Changchun in Manchuria. The Changchun factory has for the past two years been turning out China's first lorries, and a regular output of cars is expected by 1962—the end of the second five year plan.

'It is by such "firsts"—cars, lorries, jet planes, and cameras—that China's industrial development is publicised; not by sputniks or atomic piles, though these are planned for the not too distant future. We know little about these cars at present beyond the fact that they have seventy-brake horsepower and a maximum speed of eighty miles an hour; that they are streamlined and were designed after careful study of Soviet, Czech, West German, French, and British makes. But we can make a fair guess at who will use them: officials.

'In China today "carriage company" (and there is a term in Chinese that approximates to this Victorian expression) means those who have the use of official cars. Only a very few capitalists are left who could afford to run a car privately and these would mostly be unwilling to make a display of their unearned wealth. As for the man in the street, wages are so low that he could not afford a car even if the hire purchase lasted until eternity. In China, as in most of Asia, the mark of prosperity of a schoolmaster or an office worker, a factory employee or a shop-keeper is a bicycle, not a car, and a radio, not a television set'.

## RICHMOND FRIARY

'Many of you who have been to Richmond', said YVONNE ADAMSON in 'The Eye-witness', 'will remember the fine fifteenth-century tower which stands near the centre of the town. This was part of the friary church, one of only three surviving Franciscan towers in the country. It rises complete and dignified, with soaring perpendicular architecture and large windows, alone in a green garden, for the rest of the friary buildings have almost vanished.

'But it was long before the building of that tower that the

Franciscans came to Richmond. In fact the tower was the latest addition they made. The order, founded by St. Francis in 1209, spread rapidly across Europe, and there were already over forty friaries in England when, 700 years ago, this year, a Lord of Middleham, not far away, gave land with which to found this house.

'Over the years, many great Yorkshire families supported the friars, the Scropes and the Nevilles for example. Richard III who married Anne Neville and lived a great deal at Middleham when he was in the north, gave money for 1,000 masses to be said for the soul of Edward IV. It was gifts such as these that made it possible for the Franciscans to enlarge the Richmond Friary in the fifteenth century to meet the needs of a growing population.

'Apart from the produce of their gardens, the friars were dependent upon gifts; the present of a sow from a certain Ralph Rokeby, and all the bother the friars had to get it home, is described in a contemporary comic ballad. "She was", we are told, "the grisliest beast that ever might be; wouldn't listen to Latin, nor even to St. John's Gospel!"

'At the Reformation in 1539 the Friary was dissolved, lead taken from its roofs, metal from its bells, its stones used as a quarry. Now, only the tower remains, and it was in the shadow of this tower that some 10,000 people gathered some days ago for Solemn Pontifical Mass to mark the 700th anniversary of the foundation'.



The fifteenth-century tower, which is all that remains of the Franciscan Friary at Richmond, Yorkshire

*National Building Record*

## I ALWAYS WEAR A HAT

'I remember when my mother—God bless her—died some years ago', said W. R. RODGERS in a talk in the General Overseas

Service, 'she left a rather touching little letter of instructions. In it she said: "Tell Bertie" (that's me), "tell Bertie to wear a hat at my funeral. It'll be more respectable".'

'You see, I never was one for wearing hats, generally speaking, and mothers worry a lot about that. They know how important hats are. What respectable child ever got on in this world without a hat? Yet nobody ever gives mothers any encouragement in this crucial matter. Just look at the cost of babies' hats. Only the other day a leading question was put to the Financial Secretary to the British Treasury. Was it fair, he was asked, to impose the same high rate of purchase tax on a baby's mink hat as on an adult's mink hat? "So far as I know", he replied, "the only substantial body of babies wearing mink headgear is baby minks".'

'Well, if I were the Secretary to the Treasury, I would not be too sure about that. Not long ago I happened to be passing a child's welfare clinic in London. There were two mothers standing outside on the pavement, talking loudly, and as I squeezed my way between their perambulators I heard one of them say: "I always wear a hat on baby".'

'I stopped. How is it possible, I asked myself, for a woman to wear her hat on somebody else? When is your hat not



your hat? Maybe it was the principle of the thing. If the Secretary to the Treasury was going to be so obstinate, so indiscriminating, then baby might just as well wear its mother's mink hat and have done with it. Or could it be—for this was a clinic, remember—could it be that this mother was suffering from a compulsive neurosis, a psychological transference of sorts? Every time she put her hat on, she ended up by putting it on the baby instead.

I have known cases like that. A friend of mine once, after a late night party, undressed and hung his clothes carefully over a bedroom chair, but in the morning, lo and behold, when he looked out of the bedroom window, he saw that he had hung them on a rose-bush in the garden. That kind of transference can be very disturbing. But no, this lady was not a bit like that. She sounded very pleased with herself when she announced that she always wore a hat on baby.

Human beings are strangely telepathic when it comes to matters of dress. I recalled how my old friend, the late Constant Lambert, was one night conducting at Covent Garden, and during the interval he hurried out for refreshment. Just as he was sipping his glass of gin, a little man came up to him. "You are Constant Lambert", he said. "What makes you think that?", said Lambert. "Oh, I know", said the little man, "because you always wear a white tie". "You will notice", said Lambert, "that I am *not* wearing a white tie". "So I observed", said the little man.

At this point, I looked closely at the baby in the pram, and, believe it or not, the child had no hat on. Why then should its mother say she always wore a hat on it? Was this a sinister password of sorts? Were these two women really the agents of a foreign power? It is well known that secret agents like to rendezvous in public places. What better place than a child's clinic? And what better disguise than a couple of perambulators? "I always wear a hat on baby", says one mother to the other, meaningfully, and when they part they have managed to exchange prams, and the other agent goes off with the baby which has top-secret documents under its hat. It is possible. Hat or no hat, in these matters one can never judge by appearances—or non-appearances!

### COMFORT STATION FOR DOGS

'I do not think', said F. D. WALKER, B.B.C. New York correspondent, in 'Today', 'that the most enthusiastic admirers of New York would claim that it is a particularly clean city, but New York's authorities are nothing if not energetic, resourceful, inventive: they think of new things. There has appeared on the sidewalk where two streets meet here, in Manhattan, what might be described as a small, open edifice or, alternatively, as a large open receptacle. It is what is called in the vernacular used over here a "comfort station": I shall refer to it for the rest of this report as a "C.S."; but this is a C.S. with a difference—it is for dogs.

A more minute description of it has appeared in the New York newspapers. This "facility", or "rest room", as it is also variously called, is a low, rectangular enclosure, twelve feet long and four feet wide, decorated with geraniums in a flower-box. It cost \$500 to build, and there is to be seen in the newspapers the photograph of a man with a terrier on a lead, the terrier already safely in the "C.S.", but despite the attractions of the bright geraniums and the bright large lettering—"Dogs Comfort Station"—doing its best to jump out. In fact, it is to be feared that this prototype canine "C.S." may prove a failure.

The day of its official opening the Sanitation Commissioner of New York City, officials of a Mayor's Committee to "keep New York City clean", officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and no doubt many another official, stood round, watched, and hoped, but—the reports are unanimous—the dogs did not like it, and as there are many more than a quarter

of a million licensed dogs in New York City, all the commissioners and officials, there is real reason to fear, may have to think again; to think fast, and to think, as always, "big".

### CORNWALL'S WHITE WITCHES

'Anybody can become a white witch', said CHARLES CAUSLEY in 'Woman's Hour', 'and I will tell you how. But first of all, you ought to know what they are. White witches—we still call them "pellars" in Cornwall—are doers of good. They are said to cure everything from rheumatism to ringworm, colic to snake-bite, diarrhoea to dropsy, boils, whooping-cough, toothache—the lot. And do not imagine, by the way, that a white witch is necessarily an old hag with a cat and a cottage, a stick-fire and a stewpot. Not at all: a witch can just as easily be a young man or a young woman, even a child.

I used to think that you could only be a white witch if you happened to be a footling—that is to say, if you were born with your feet first instead of your head—or if you were the seventh son of a seventh son: this is supposed to be a great help. But a delightful and intelligent farmer's wife told me on Bodmin Moor the other day that all you need is to have the words and instructions of the actual charm itself passed on by a "pellar"—and they often do not mind doing this at all. These charms are always given by a male to a female, or by a female to a male. They must be passed by word of mouth; never written down, or else they lose their potency.

If you visit a charmer for help, it is thought wise never to mention it to anybody—not even your family. You must not thank the charmer; and do not offer payment of any kind as this is sure to break the spell. "It's a gift of God, you see", one told me, quite simply. And they all say they cannot work a charm unless you yourself believe it can be done. You must, they say, "have faith". The same farmer's wife told me she could cure ring-worm in cattle, and also snakebite. She happened to be an ex-president

of the local Woman's Institute, and once she had a badly bitten cow brought to her half-way through one of the monthly meetings. She was not a bit put off. She came outside, "charmed" the cow, apparently successfully, and then went back and carried on with the meeting.

Another time I saw a dear old lady who knew seven charms, including one for rooting you to the spot until she decided to set you free. "I could make 'ee stay exactly where you'm to now ef I wanted to, midea", she said with a merry smile—and I believe she could have done, too. But her speciality was staunching bleeding in animals or people. I talked to a farm-worker she had done this for. He had cut his hand very badly trimming a hedge, the doctor was miles away across the moor, and so—naturally—he came to her. And he showed me the large white scar between his thumb and forefinger, from which the blood, he said, had suddenly stopped flowing.

The charms themselves are often based on words of the Bible, or might even be in a garbled dog-Latin. In fact, the countryside people who recite a charm may have no idea of its meaning at all. One of the most poetic charms is one I heard of for a burn or a scald. You touch the injured part with bramble-leaves or dock-leaves dipped in pure spring water, and recite these words a fixed number of times:

There came three angels out of the East,  
One brought fire and two brought frost.  
Out fire,  
In frost,

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

From my own observation, "charming"—if that is what it is—fails about as often as it succeeds. But I did once have a big wart on my lip that the doctor had tried to get rid of for six months, and I was waiting to go into hospital to have it removed by a surgeon. Then, on the advice of a friend, I went to see a white witch: the wart vanished in just over a fortnight.





# Natural Selection after 100 Years

By SIR GAVIN DE BEER

**I**T is just 100 years since Darwin and Wallace presented the world with the theory of evolution by natural selection, and the ripples of this great wave continue to spread. It was then made evident that the various kinds of plants and animals which inhabit the earth are as they are not because they were separately created but because they have become what they are, by change during descent from ancestors that differed from them; and this also applies to man. If his ancestors were alive today they would unquestionably be classified with the monkeys.

## Darwin's Approach

Darwin approached the problem from the birds in the Galapagos Islands, where different islands have their own peculiar species of bird, all unmistakably similar yet each slightly different and adapted to the conditions in which it lives. If they were all separately created, why should they have been created like each other merely because they are near to each other? This problem could be solved if the different species came into existence by descent with modification and divergence from pre-existing species, just as the various races of domestic animals are descended from common ancestral forms. This is the theory of evolution, which explains not only other conundrums of geographical distribution but also the resemblances of comparative anatomy and embryology and of instinctive behaviour, and the existence of vestigial organs like the limbs of snakes; while the succession of fossils in the strata of the earth provides first-hand evidence of what plants and animals were like in the past, how transitions were made from one group to another, such as reptiles to birds or mammals, and the detailed steps in the descent of such animals as horses.

To these branches of science from which Darwin and Wallace drew their evidence may now be added many others, and the total evidence is so overwhelming that we no longer speak of the theory but of the fact of evolution, which is nature's technique of creation.

The method by which evolution took place was explained by Darwin and Wallace as the natural selection of the variations that occur spontaneously, and at random, in natural populations of plants and animals, and result in the survival of those most efficiently adapted to their environments. Scientists are now satisfied that this explanation is correct; and the mechanism of Mendelian genetics provides exactly what is required in the way of variation for natural selection to work on. Furthermore, as Professor Darlington has shown, there has been an evolution of the evolutionary mechanisms themselves.

Other fundamental results of research in genetics are the demonstration that so-called acquired characters are not inherited, and that selective breeding in natural populations results in gradual heritable change. Mutations of genes take place spontaneously at certain (slow) rates, and there is no possibility of explaining the direction of evolution by appealing to any causes affecting the direction or frequency of mutation. This demonstration, which is due largely to the work of Sir Ronald Fisher, is of fundamental importance, for it establishes the fact that natural selection not only governs the direction but also the intensity and the rate of evolution.

## Evolution Today

Evolution is not a thing of the past only; it is going on here and now. Changes such as those of colour in moths have been followed over known periods of time, and shown by Dr. Ford and his colleagues to be due to the natural selection of heritable variations, and the survival-values of different colours in different environments have been actually measured. Some animals, such as the

herring-gull and the lesser black-backed gull, can be shown to be on the point of separating into distinct species; and some new species of plants have actually been produced deliberately in the greenhouse as a result of the coming into play of certain genetic mechanisms which can be shown to be the same as those occurring in nature.

These results are confirmed by studies on the now rich store of fossil material. Dr. Simpson and Professor Westoll have worked out the speed at which evolution took place in certain groups, and the length of time required to convert one species into another. In the evolution of the horses this was about 2,000,000 years.

In the century since it was propounded the theory of natural selection has successfully survived attacks from many quarters. It was objected that it could not explain the initial stages in the evolution of organs which are only useful to their owners when fully formed. The mistake here was to assume that the use which organisms now make of those organs is the same as that which they made at the initial stages, and a case in point is the electric organs of fishes which must be well-developed to function as defensive and offensive weapons. Recently it has been shown by Dr. Lissmann that weak electric organs can serve a very different purpose, namely radio-location, and be useful from the start. When fully developed for this function, electric organs can then take on the new function of giving shocks and killing prey.

It has been objected that natural selection is nothing but undirected chance, incapable of explaining the 'beauty' of the adaptations which plants and animals can show to their environments. The answer to this objection is twofold. In the first place, while mutation and variation are random and undirected, it is natural selection that controls evolution, and it is the reverse of 'chance'. Furthermore, by selecting and continuing to select as parents for ensuing generations those variants best adapted to their environments, natural selection channels random variation into adaptive directions, and thereby simulates the action of purposive guidance in producing apparently 'improbable' results. Paley's famous arguments from design works in the reverse direction to show the power of natural selection and what it can do.

## Adaptation Leading to Extinction

In the second place, it has to be remembered that the more 'beautifully' a plant or animal is adapted to its environment, the more 'improbable' it might seem that it was not purposely produced, the more certain it is to be doomed to extinction through inability to become adapted to new conditions when conditions change, as in time they are bound to do. If anyone should think that these adaptations give reason to appeal to any form of providential guidance in the production of such highly adapted plants or animals he would do well to consider that these paths of adaptive glory lead but to the grave of extinction.

Evolution by natural selection therefore remains as a great natural process, involving all living things, from sea-weed to daisy and from amoeba to man. Since Darwin and Wallace, the field of evolution has not only been studied with increasing intensity throughout the extent of the realm of living things, but these studies have been extended at both ends of the field.

From what is known of the history of the earth, it is clear that there must have been a time when there was no life upon it. Life itself must therefore have originated somehow, and if evolution is nature's technique of creation which has produced man out of an amoeba, it is legitimate to consider the extension of the principle into the pre-living stage, and ask whether there must not have been an evolution which converted molecules into an amoeba.



During the time that biologists have been satisfying themselves that biological evolution is a fact, the chemists, biochemists, and geochemists have not been idle. Ever since Berthelot first synthesised organic compounds found in living organisms from inorganic molecules it has been clear that living organisms are made of the same chemical elements that are found in the inorganic world. But in organisms, these elements are combined into extremely large and complex molecules, and the question is to discover whether such compounds could come into existence under the conditions which prevailed at early times of the history of the earth; or, in other words, whether they could come into existence 'naturally'.

The problem is enormous, and the scientific evidence that can be brought to bear on it so far is still very scanty. But such as it is, it justifies the view that the problem is not insoluble.

### Producing Molecules

It has been discovered that when such simple substances as hydrogen, ammonia, methane, and carbon dioxide are exposed to ultra-violet light and electrical discharge, amino-acids are produced, and these are the precursors of proteins. Sugars have also been produced synthetically, and molecules are known which have the property of replacing lost parts; while others such as nucleic acids, can serve as templates for the production of molecules similar to themselves by copying.

A picture may therefore be drawn of a sequence of stages in the evolution of molecules. First, the formation of complex molecules in the primeval oceans under the energy-supply of the sun; next, the formation of self-copying molecules accelerated by catalysts and enzymes; after that, the concentration of self-copying systems of molecules, ultimately enclosed within semi-permeable membranes, which would be living cells.

At present, this is little more than a vast programme for research; but the orderliness of everything so far discovered in the universe encourages scientists to believe that when the bicentenary of the discovery of evolution is celebrated, enough will be known to establish the correctness of this hypothesis.

Turning now to the other extremity of the field of evolution, there is the problem presented by man, his mental powers of reasoning, exchange of experience through communication by articulate speech, storage of experience in memory, and his moral sense, in all of which he differs from other animals.

Since man owes his body and bodily functions, many of his instincts, his method of reproduction, and even some of his identifiable genes to his pre-human ancestors, the problem turns on the question whether his mental and moral powers were similarly descended. It is undeniable that man's physical characters were evolved by natural selection and emergence, and there is no reason to doubt that his mental qualities were similarly evolved, since they must have conferred survival value with each successive stage of improvement. As regards man's moral qualities, however, the first question is to determine how far natural selection could account for their origin and improvement.

### The Birth of Conscious Purpose

Darwin himself believed that moral qualities had been evolved from pre-human ancestors, but he attributed their improvement and perfection to man's power of reasoning and not to natural selection. This was an important conclusion, for it introduces the possibility that in the human species, in contradistinction to all other species, evolution could take place by processes additional to, and other than, those of natural selection. There is little reason to doubt that this is correct; for when the incipient human race had, by natural selection, achieved its powers of reasoning and of communication, the possibility of conscious purpose arose and for the first time became a factor in man's subsequent evolution, which may be defined by Sir Julian Huxley's term as psychosocial. Consciousness of purpose implies selection of lines of conduct, or power of choice, and then, also for the first time, the dilemma of values was presented, and man was provided with the power, of which he has made so much use, of doing the things which did him harm as well as, occasionally, of doing himself good.

It would indeed be presumptuous to claim that the problem of the origin of morality had been solved; and yet, the attempt must be made if it be true that evolution is the technique of creation. First of all there is a sound explanation, based on natural selection, of the origin of altruistic behaviour in the form of maternal care and paternal protection, which conferred survival value and increased progeny on those individuals, or rather couples, that had evolved this pattern of behaviour, without at this stage amounting to anything like charitableness. Between the couples, moreover, competition remained acute.

With the evolution of man, characterised as it was by delay in development, great prolongation of childhood and resultant consolidation of the family, this pattern of altruistic behaviour must have acquired enormously enhanced importance. The size of the unit within which what may now be called ethical conduct prevailed grew larger, from the family to the clan; but between clans the sub-human competition on lines of natural selection persisted. The same was true when the welfare unit became the tribe, and eventually the nation, but the relations between nations show only too clearly that there is still a step for man's moral evolution to take in enlarging the welfare unit to encompass the whole of humanity. Man's moral evolution is still incomplete.

These conclusions are in complete agreement with Sir Julian Huxley's observation that ethical conduct can be seen to develop in young children, and to have evolved in societies. Darwin asked why it should be 'more irreligious to explain the origin of man as a distinct species by descent from some lower form, through the laws of variation and natural selection, than to explain the birth of the individual through the laws of ordinary reproduction', which in man are identical with those of other animals; and this question raises the inevitable problem of the relation of evolutionary science to certain theological doctrines. That they have been in conflict is only too well known; and this conflict is the continuation of that in which Galileo was involved in connection with the movement of the earth round the sun.

### Scientific Evidence and 'Revealed' Texts

There is the conflict between scientific evidence and so-called revealed texts. It has, for instance, been pronounced that light was created on the first day of the history of the world and the sun on the fourth day, from which it would follow that light did not originally proceed from the sun. Similar pronouncements have been made about living things, asserting that the various kinds of plants, animals, and man were created in a particular sequence which is not that of the fossils in the geological succession; and asserting further that man started as a single pair, which is at variance with the evidence that species evolve not from single pairs but from whole populations sharing favourable heritable variations in common, and evolving together by natural selection. Moreover, in the evolution and adaptations of plants and animals, if there was design, purpose, or guidance, it has so frequently led to disaster that it is utterly out of place to invoke Providence to account for them.

The fundamental principle of science is that it concerns itself exclusively with what can be demonstrated, and does not allow itself to be influenced by the personal opinions or sayings of anybody. This is why the motto of The Royal Society of London is *Nullius in verba*: we take no man's word for anything.

It is not because Darwin and Wallace wrote what they did that we commemorate them today; it is because they discovered and pointed out facts in nature which anybody can verify for himself and prove to his own satisfaction to be true if he is prepared and equipped to test, criticise, and follow the evidence wherever it may lead. For living things the evidence leads unequivocally to evolution by natural selection. This is inescapable, and any attempt to draw a valid, overall picture of the universe must take into account this great fact.—*Home Service*

The Committee of Vice-Chancellors and Principals of the Universities of the United Kingdom has published a report on *Procedure for Admission of Students*. It may be obtained for 1s. 6d., post free, from the office of the Universities Association, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1



# Young and Angry, Then as Now

By JULIA GREENWOOD

**I** THINK we can take it for granted that there have always been some angry young men about in any age. But what singles out these young men of 100 years ago is that not only were they angry, they were angry and constructive. As artists, they had a plan.

Before I name them, I am going to take you back to an evening in 1849 when one of them, passing through an alley off Leicester Square, saw a girl taking bonnets out of a window in a milliner's shop and packing them away for the night. He stared at her, then ran back to tell his friends that he had seen a tall, fabulous girl with dazzling red hair—the very model they had all dreamed about.

By the next day, the young man had persuaded his mother to go to the shop and ask the girl whether she would be willing to pose for some young artists—including her son. The eighteen-year-old girl, whose name was Elizabeth Siddal, and who seemed unusually quiet and refined, made no objection. Neither, oddly enough, did her parents, who were humble but respectable people living near the Old Kent Road. Of course, as an eighteen-year-old milliner's apprentice she was not to know that she had been drawn into a conspiracy, a secret brotherhood, pledged to re-create what they thought must have been a wonderful world for artists and craftsmen to live in—the fourteenth century. They felt that the change in the artist's attitude—his fall from grace, one might call it—had come about at the time of the great Italian painter, Raphael. So they had decided to call themselves 'pre-Raphaelites', and to try to recapture the dedicated spirit of these early painters.

Practically nothing in the Victorian world could conscientiously be approved of by a pre-Raphaelite. They considered that the pictures exhibited year by year in the Royal Academy were meaningless. They did not like the way people furnished their houses—with all those ornaments, crotched mats, and fat sofas. They had very strong ideas about the way women should dress, and here silent Elizabeth Siddal came in. She was made to pose in the clothes they liked, strangely beautiful dresses, made by the young men's mothers, or even by themselves. She posed for Mr.

Holman Hunt as an early Christian pursued by Druids. Mr. Deverell, who had first seen her in the milliner's shop, painted her as Viola. In Mr. Rossetti's pencil sketches she was a lady from the court of King Arthur. And Mr. Millais decided she would make a stunning Ophelia.

I went along to the Tate Gallery to the very quiet room given over to the work of the pre-Raphaelites. Here I saw Millais' painting of Elizabeth Siddal as Ophelia. Smiling and pink-cheeked she floats

on the waters of a little brook. For the background, Millais went to Kingston and found the ideal site on the banks of the River Ewell. When the background was completed, Miss Siddal played her part by lying in a bath with her red hair dipped almost out of sight in the water. She wore a wonderful blue dress embroidered with what looked like dragonfly's wings. The bathwater grew cold and Millais painted on, but Miss Siddal never complained. She was an excellent model.



Jane Morris: a drawing by Rossetti

When the young men's work first appeared in the Royal Academy in 1849 the critics were kind. The young men had been students at the Academy schools. No one suspected that the monogram P.R.B. that appeared on their work concealed a conspiracy. But before the next exhibition in 1850 the Academy discovered that P.R.B. meant Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and that the young men were revolutionaries. The young men suddenly found their work described as 'revolting' and 'degrading'. Even Charles Dickens was brought in to give his considered opinion of Millais' picture 'Christ In The House Of His Parents'. Dickens thought that the young Christ as Millais saw him was 'a hideous blubbery red-haired boy', and that his Mary was monstrously ugly. Holman Hunt, who was

exhibiting 'Christians pursued by Druids', stood wistfully by his picture hoping to pick up a kind word and heard only rude remarks.

They took two years to live this down. It was not until 1852 that the critics relented, mainly because Ruskin, greatest critic of the time, had spoken up in their favour. Also this year Millais exhibited his beautiful Ophelia. But another of the friends suffered. Ford Madox Brown had chosen as his subject 'Christ washing Peter's Feet'. Once more Elizabeth Siddal's red hair flared up. A fellow artist had sat as model for the face of Christ, but the hair was hers. When Ford Madox Brown went to the Academy and saw that his picture had been hung up by the ceiling, he walked straight out of the building, and never went back. As for Rossetti, he had only twice exhibited in public. He was then so upset by the way the critics dealt with him that never again did he send a picture to a public gallery.

Today, if you go to the Tate Gallery, you can see not only 'Ophelia', but Ford Madox Brown's 'Peter', with his foot in what the critics said looked like a pan of raspberry jam. You can see the red-haired boy-Christ Charles Dickens disliked and two paintings of the Virgin by Rossetti. There are no furious critics, and you can decide for yourself whether the angry young men deserved the treatment they got.

Rossetti is the key figure in this story of the young men. He



Millais' painting of Elizabeth Siddal as Ophelia

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery



was an Italian, the son of a poor professor and born in this country. He had not spent years in the Academy schools as had the others. It was Rossetti who gave away the secret of their monogram P.R.B. to a journalist. Rossetti would not send work to the Academy but let his friends face the howls of abuse. Rossetti did not like studying nature; yet lacking their art training and their principles, he was the king among them—a foreigner whose work had an unexpectedness theirs lacked. As king, he suddenly decided to monopolise Miss Siddal. In future, he announced, she would pose for him alone.

He went to live in rooms high up in an old house overlooking the Thames by Blackfriars Bridge. Here he made drawing after drawing of Miss Siddal. Her health was now very poor, and people said it was because Millais had made her pose too long in that bath of cold water. Rossetti no longer called her his model but his pupil, because she was now herself drawing curious limp figures—and still no one could remember her making a single memorable remark.

As Miss Siddal slowly faded, Rossetti began to show a remarkable ability for attracting buyers for his work. Rugged manufacturers came out of the north and commissioned him. And Rossetti, showing the best side of his nature, persuaded these patrons to buy his friends' work as well. But the young men's dream of a brotherhood of artists vanished. Deverell died. Holman Hunt went to the Holy Land. Millais made his peace with the Academy. Ford Madox Brown struggled on,

and with true pre-Raphaelite thoroughness took three years on a painting of labourers digging a hole in Hampstead High Street.

Suddenly, when the pre-Raphaelites as such might have been forgotten, two young men arrived from Oxford, William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, who came to pay homage to Rossetti. They were bewitched by Rossetti's work, his charm, and his enthusiasm. Morris, moreover, not only had money but inspired by Rossetti developed his plan for bringing together craftsmen to design such things as furniture, wallpaper, and fabrics. And something else significant happened. William Morris went to the theatre at Oxford and saw the most beautiful girl. It was almost a repetition of that romantic discovery of Elizabeth Siddal. The new beauty, though, Jane Burden, was dark and had a mass of curiously crimped black hair. Morris wooed her by reading Dickens' novel *Barnaby Rudge* to her by the hour. In no time at all she was Mrs. William Morris.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum I looked at some of the furniture that went into the house of the newly married couple. It is enormous and very square and hard (anything rounded and soft would have been vulgarly Victorian). The young men gilded and painted it themselves with sunflowers and lilies and female figures in medieval clothes. In these figures one can recognise both Jane Morris and Elizabeth Siddal.

Like Elizabeth Siddal, Jane Morris never said anything. Both wore exotic dresses of material more usual in upholstery and of colouring unknown in Victorian clothes, sea greens, peacock blues and dead purples. Neither was ever seen in a crinoline. Jane's new home had painted cupboards, hard oak settles, distempered walls and hangings of blue embroidered serge. Miss Siddal, still a constant visitor at the house by Blackfriars Bridge, was surrounded there by old gilt mirrors, blue china, peacock feathers, and little else.

But the pre-Raphaelite movement, which was to be revived by

William Morris' genius, still needed something to make it legendary. Elizabeth Siddal supplied a romantic tragedy. In 1860 she at last became Mrs. Rossetti. By then she was dying of consumption, and in an effort to come to terms with life which seldom included Rossetti—he left her a great deal by herself—she began to take brandy and laudanum, a mixture which was then prescribed without hesitation by doctors. After an unhappy evening with her husband in a *café* by Leicester Square they quarrelled violently when they reached home. Rossetti left her. Several hours later he returned to find her dying. She had taken an overdose of her deadly medicine.

Rossetti was beside himself with remorse. Before she went to her grave in Highgate cemetery he laid beside her cheek, resting on her red hair, his unpublished poems. He left Blackfriars and went to live in a big house at Cheyne Walk in Chelsea. Here he began to suffer from hallucinations of persecution by critics and

what he thought were hauntings by Elizabeth Siddal in the shape of little wild birds. He fell in love with the image of Jane Morris and painted and drew her endlessly.

Eventually the young men grew old and grey. Their early pictures for which they had been glad to get £100 began to change hands at £1,000 and more. Above all, William Morris, whose work I recommend you to go and see at the William Morris Museum at Walthamstow, had the satisfaction of knowing that his chintzes and his wallpapers had gone into homes all over England. And, of

course, for years to come girls were to be flattered by being told they looked just like a pre-Raphaelite beauty.

Only a week or so ago I went up to the old cemetery at Highgate to look for Elizabeth Siddal's grave. This cemetery has a wonderful position overlooking London and is full of ornate Victorian monuments and gravestones, many of them falling over and overgrown by long grasses, buttercups, and bracken. It is a setting that might have been designed by the pre-Raphaelites. Here at dead of night in 1869 an extraordinary scene took place. Rossetti had wanted his poems back. By special permission of the Home Secretary, the body of Elizabeth Siddal was exhumed in order to retrieve the little calf-bound book. The publication of the poems and their success were no great consolation to Rossetti, who was already a hopeless drug addict.

I stood in the long, wet grass in pouring rain staring at the inscription on the tombstone of Elizabeth Eleanor Rossetti. As Elizabeth Siddal her name was to be preserved in the hundreds of books which subsequently were to be written about the young men known as the pre-Raphaelites. And as an artist's model with red hair she will float indefinitely in Millais' picture of her as Ophelia. But what neither Elizabeth Siddal nor Jane Burden ever revealed—and one would have liked their opinion—was what these two girls really thought of these angry young men.

—Home Service



Cabinet of mahogany and pinewood decorated by William Morris with scenes from the legend of St. George (c. 1862)

Victoria and Albert Museum

In the series of art books which Andre Deutsch is distributing for Silvana, Milan, the following titles are now available: *Carpaccio* (text by Vittorio Moschini), *Masaccio*, Vol. I and *Masaccio-Marolino, Filippino Lippi* Vol. II (La Capella Brancacci a Firenze, text by Mario Salmi), *Piero della Francesca* (text by Paolo d'Ancona) and *Andrea del Castagno* (text by Franco Russoli). The volumes are priced at £3 3s. each. A recent volume in the Faber Gallery is *Braque*, with an introduction and notes by Patrick Heron (15s.).



# A Road with No Turning

ALAN PRYCE-JONES on the 'Beat Generation' in America

**T**HE sharpest horror of a bourgeois world is likely to be the kind of reaction bred by that world. When everybody, regardless of class, possesses the middle-class virtues an explosion is the only form of protest. Just as in England the 'angry young men' have gained—whether they wished it or not—a notoriety far exceeding their literary interest, so the 'Beat Generation' in America has made the headlines.

Beat: beat by what? The phrase has no official interpretation. 'Offbeat' might be a more useful word. Yet the youngish writers who are bound together by this title—Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Clellon Holmes, to name the most obvious only—have certain things in common. They are in full retreat from the long littleness of life, in order to extract a higher flavour from units of living still smaller than those which keep most of us alive. They move as far as a man can towards the simplicity of the amoeba. To breathe, to budge, to be divided: they ask little more than that. And although they conceive their spare existence to be a kind of quest, a search for God, they make their characters look chiefly for God in the places where he is almost sure not to be found: in box-cars, in cheap hotels, on hitch-hikes, and in each other's beds.

## How the 'Beat Generation' Began—

Kerouac's *On the Road* has been published in this country, and Ginsberg's poem *Howl* can be found here in No. 2 of *Evergreen Review*, which also contains an article by Kenneth Rexroth on the aims of this Beat Generation. What seems to me more interesting, however, than any purely literary assessment of its merits is some discussion of why it has come into being. And so, while I was in the United States in May last, I tried to think out its sociological background and to decide whether it has any affinities with similar movements in Europe.

The first thing which strikes a visitor from abroad to any part of the literary world of America is its extreme money-consciousness. This is not surprising, for inevitably the visitor is likely to be brought first of all into contact with established people, and establishments do not thrive on poverty. There is, however, a general feeling in the air of playing safe. In no country does a raised eyebrow have the same weapon-like effect on others as in America. And the only shield against the raised eyebrow is a comfortable bank balance: enough money, in fact, not to care.

I do not mean that American writers are all rich men. Most of them, like all writers everywhere, are far from rich. But they are inextricably involved in the reactions of a civilisation which thinks of money in idealistic terms: money as the source of freedom, as a proper stimulus towards the idea of democracy, as a reward for personal virtue and competence. Money is a thing to be lavished on good causes and nice people. Art comes to mean some splendid new repository like the Guggenheim Museum now building on Fifth Avenue. Religion becomes a form of kindness to a God imprisoned in vast, warm buildings. Literature, similarly, as far as possible attempts to put together a canon of sacred books containing unexceptionable notions which can be planted anywhere in an enormous and variable continent and always offer an identical harvest.

This is the penalty paid for being very rich and very powerful. It is a penalty sweetened by generosity and fervour, and in many walks of life it leads to admirable results. In literature, however, such concentration on money-values easily hamstring the writer. He is forced to heel by the system which keeps him alive, by the university which employs him, or the charitable foundation which subsidises his work. All the good sense and friendliness in the world do not sweeten the fact that he cannot break out of his rut without a gesture almost of despair. That is why for some time past American literature has been so fascinating to the outsider. There has been visible what Rexroth calls 'a dense crust of

custom over American cultural life—more of an ice-pack'. And he goes on:

Ultimately the living water underneath just got so damn hot the ice-pack has begun to melt . . . For ten years or more, seen from above, all that could be discerned was a kind of scum. By very definition, scum, ice-packs, crusts, are surface phenomena. It is what is underneath that counts. The living substance has always been there—it has just been hard to see—from above.

Rexroth is arguing a case. He is speaking on behalf of the San Francisco Renaissance, the Beat Generation. And I doubt whether the outsider will ever attach so much interest to that generation as he does. But it remains true that until quite lately all contemporary literature in America, good or bad, was caught into a single system. Fine poems have been written, excellent novels, keen satires upon the system itself; but one thing was missing: an effective and total rejection of the system and all it stands for, such as the dadaists and surrealists carried out in Europe between the wars.

That is what the Beat Generation has accomplished. Whether it was worth doing is another matter. An excellent young critic, Norman Podhoretz, in the current number of *Partisan Review* dismisses the movement as one of resentment against 'normal human feeling and the attempt to cope with the world through intelligence'. For the themes of the Beat Generation are extremely limited. Under the guise of getting out into the open, away from it all, the Kerouacs and the Ginsbergs are only picking up where Thomas Wolfe and Hart Crane left off. Life itself is reduced to an immense hitch-hike, interspersed with parties, orgiastic half-hours, mild delinquency, and a studied absence of coherence. 'I was amazed. Everything was so crazy'. That is the strongest comment of which Kerouac's hero, Sal Paradise, is capable. And even Ginsberg's poem *Howl*, which is a much darker and more powerful evocation of anarchy than *On the Road*, never has more to offer than a marsh-light of glittering imagery.

One can feel a good deal of sympathy with these writers, all the same. Theirs, says Norman Podhoretz,

is the revolt of the spiritually underprivileged and the crippled of soul—young men who can't think straight and so hate anyone who can; young men who can't get outside the morass of self and so construct definitions of feeling that exclude all human beings who manage to live, even miserably, in a world of objects; young men who are burdened unto death with the specially poignant sexual anxiety that America—in its eternal promise of erotic glory and its spiteful withholding of actual erotic possibility—seems bent on breeding . . .

## —How It Differs from Our Angry Young Men

They differ from their European counterparts in this: that they have deliberately turned their backs on the intellect. The dadaists and the surrealists were extremely self-conscious in the pursuit of the unconscious. Our own angry young men are made angry by specific things like the Church and the monarchy and the bourgeoisie. They argue their points. The writers of the Beat Generation argue nothing. They hitch-hike a little further, swallow a benzedrine, re-stack the beer-cans elsewhere, and look up a fresh girl.

What is frightening about this attitude is the narrow gulf which separates it from the drug-ridden underworld of Nelson Algren's *Man with the Golden Arm*, from the cosh gangs which make New York women unwilling to walk along Riverside Drive at night, or even to ride in a taxi across Central Park after dark. On the surface everything in America looks so wonderfully peaceful. Orderly people are leading orderly lives; the churches are nearly as full as the banks; the air is full of a kind of radiant goodwill. And then, just under the surface, under the ice-pack of accepted responses, suddenly there appears a current of violence, a self-



destructive impulse, which nourishes, among other more serious menaces, the hipsters of the Beat Generation.

This impulse arises in part, perhaps, from the difficulty of being an individual apart. In England, or France, or Germany, the writer is looked upon as an odd fish by the other members of the community, but he is looked upon with a good deal of indulgence. He is not expected to be like everybody else. On the Continent he even gains a certain authority from the mere fact of being a writer. No such allowance is made, however, for the young American writer. He must take his place in a system ordered by differences in income level more than by the snobberies or the professional interests which divide Europeans. The hipster can get the best of two worlds, therefore. He can give unrestrained licence to his ego, and he can do it in the gregarious atmosphere which all Americans enjoy. He can feel himself pigeon-holed as part of a generation, while giving rein to his private exuberance. He can touch his own heart with the spectacle of himself in action.

### A Peter Pan *Persona*

Again, since Americans are anxiously youth-conscious, he can create a *persona* for himself, a Peter Pan *persona*, to which are added both the crosspatch fancies of Tinkerbell and an occasional snap from the crocodile. Although he is over thirty himself, there is something strangely undeveloped about the 'angel-headed hipsters' in Allen Ginsberg's poem:

who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and  
bop kabbala because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet  
in Kansas,  
who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary  
indian angels who were visionary indian angels . . .

They did (in the poem) a great many other things as well with which I shall not burden your ears. But the point is that they never stray out of the realm of adolescent extravagance. They are determinedly, insultingly young.

They are also determinedly provincial. Kansas, Denver, Newark, Detroit: these are the new capitals of the spirit. New York is quite out of it. 'In New York', says Rexroth, 'after one week of living on cocktails in taxicabs, I have to go to a doctor. The doctor always says—get out of New York before it kills you'. The writers of America have never been centred on New York to the extent that those of France are centred on Paris, but they moved in a comparatively limited area of the continent. The new beat bohemians, carrying out a living geography lesson as they rove about the country, extract the magic of the unknown from cities never before touched by literature. Iowa City is as great a thrill as marijuana.

The brighter side of these follies is that at any rate they have broken out of the confining limits of middle-class security. Like morality and syntax, money has been thrown overboard by the Beat Generation. By contrast, our own angry young men are taking no risks. They complain, but they sit tight. But deliberately jettisoning every link with respectability, the hipsters are at any rate defying the gods—an act which in itself seldom brings good writing to birth, but at least acts as a goad to the stay-at-homes.

From the writer's point of view the worst of this approach to literature is that it can be only a dead end. Even Peter Pan, though he never grows up, is reduced to silence. And the Beat writers, already in their thirties, will cut a very odd figure if they have not changed their tune within a year or two. Which leads one to make a few positive remarks on this whole vexed question of hipsterism, anger, French new realism, and so forth.

It is clear that there is no direct connection between Michel Butor and Jack Kerouac, between the peremptory commands of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* and Clellon Holmes' *Go*. But a great many youngish people all over the world are suffering from the same kind of sickness. They sense all round them the visions of the Apocalypse, and they do not know how to react. The British behave like private soldiers in a decaying army: they complain. The French new realists stuff their books with detail, like a pincushion with pins, but they omit any significant pattern in their designs. The Beat Generation takes refuge in undirected vitalism.

The best to be hoped for from any of these is that they are clearing the air for something much more positive. For it is

undeniable that the range of the good middle-class novel as we know it is insufficient for any fresh comment on modern life. The best novels of even twenty years ago—those of Virginia Woolf, for instance, or the Hemingways of the nineteen-thirties—have moved temporarily into a period world which has no direct relevance to the present day. For their different reasons a number of the best novelists in each country have stopped writing novels. We are becoming accustomed to the silence of writers like Forster, Malraux, Carson McCullers. A small, brilliant, satirical light is thrown here and there on particular aspects of American life by writers like J. F. Powers; but there is not nearly enough living work by younger writers to make us read without a chill at the heart Rexroth's prophecy: 'Howl is the confession of faith of the generation that is going to be running the world in 1965 and 1975—if it's still there to run'.

For *Howl*, like the other exhibits of the Beat Generation, has nothing to offer except an orgiastic view of life which works out as a blank negative in the long run. The young people in the American books I have been describing run about like hares on an aerodrome. The great machines of everyday life land and take off without paying any attention to them, and they in their turn, blinded by noise and light, are more concerned with running than with getting anywhere.

Yet it is true that these very victims of circumstance will be running the world in ten years time. Or, at any rate, that the more gifted among them will still be among the guardians of the human imagination in the most powerful country of our world. One would wish, then, above all, that they may recover contact with the social groups which they have abandoned. By comparison the purest of the pure nineteenth-century writers—Poe, say, or Mallarmé—were committed up to the hilt. They may have allowed themselves an occasional swig of laudanum, a visit or two to some Méry Laurent in the rue de Rome, but they never rejected their world, they never walked out on a whole civilisation.

Nor has it ever before been estimable to discard the plain virtues of coherence in the name of vitality. Joyce or Pound or Gertrude Stein or Antonin Artaud may have presented considerable difficulties, but every difficulty was calculated. Whereas the rambling prose of the Beat Generation is no more than an escape from logic, a hitchhike away from the high roads of meaning.

The fault can be laid at the door of the rest, it may be; of those who run the system, who try at any cost to keep writers shipshape and respectable, and so drive unassimilable talents into a private limbo of their own. Conformity, unless it has a heroic ideal behind it, kills the spirit like poison gas, just as nonconformity without purpose or passion leads to nothing but derision. The trouble with writers today, in America and elsewhere, is that they lack intellectual appetite. They cannot feel the pulse of their time, like Mazzini or Herzen. They are not zealots for anything much beyond the narrow round of eating, drinking, making love with one eye on the clock, and avoiding boredom.

### Empty Vitalism

In sum, then, I do not foresee a great future for the Beat Generation. Their empty vitalism, their hatred for the balanced human intelligence may give a short useful shock to some of the conventional writers who take their own bourgeois prejudices for granted as the props of a sensible community. But the beat have nothing to say, not even a protest to make. Their writing is like signwriting scrawled on the air. It catches the attention for a moment, and then the wind blows it away. Others have seen something more sinister behind these books. They have linked them with the adolescent hoodlums who murder old women and children for the hell of it. They have taken the teasing obscenities of *Howl* as a valid comment on a growing section of American life. That seems to me absurd. One might as well assert that a handful of Montparnasse *cafés* in the nineteen-thirties reflected the depravity of the ordinary Parisian.

What is much more important than these temporary antics is the apathy against which they are in revolt. The two phenomena are inseparable. And if the stir of interest which has greeted the arrival of the Beat Generation leads to an intellectual overhaul among its elders the antics will not have been in vain.

—Third Programme



# Should We End or Mend the Establishment?

ALEC VIDLER gives the last of five talks on the Church and England

THE previous talks in this series have shown that there are wide differences of opinion in the Church of England itself about the desirability of maintaining the present relationship between Church and State. Of course, no Christians believe that the relationship known as 'establishment' is indispensable to the existence of a church. Unestablished and disestablished Anglican Churches exist, and even flourish, in various parts of the world. As Canon Smyth pointed out, it is only in England that there is now an established Anglican Church. Is this ecclesiastical establishment anything more than an odd survival that is ripe for demolition?

It is evident that some churchmen are sure that the close nexus between Church and State is of great value to both sides of the partnership and that it should be preserved. Admittedly, it has some anomalous features, but these can be affably explained by historians. With a few modifications and adjustments the establishment can and should continue. I suspect that this is what a substantial majority of churchpeople think, or rather it is what they would think if they were given to thinking.

## 'Establishment Has Become a Sham'

At the opposite extreme are those who say that, while the establishment of the Church may have been justified in the past, it has become a sham. It gives the entirely misleading impression that the people of England have a common religious faith and common moral standards. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the name of common honesty, and in the interests of both the Church and the nation, this piece of hypocrisy should be brought to an end at once.

But a third view has been represented in these talks. There are apparently members of the Church of England who grant and indeed insist that the whole established ecclesiastical set-up needs complete overhaul and a radical transformation. They want a new establishment, or the re-establishment of a changed Church that would be rooted in the life of the nation instead of being imposed upon it as a ceremonial adjunct. Thus within the Church there are advocates of preserving, and of ending, and of mending the establishment, though 'mending' is too mild a word for the third prescription.

Non-churchmen and non-Christians also differ about the desirability of keeping the ecclesiastical establishment going. While many unbelievers naturally deplore the privileged position that is accorded by the State to Christianity in general and to the Church of England in particular, others consider that the Church serves a useful social purpose in inculcating the elements of morality, especially in children. Or, again, it may be held that, if there has got to be a national Church, it is preferable that it should be subject to the control of the State and prevented from becoming a tiresome or dangerous *imperium in imperio*. It was on this ground that the Whigs supported the establishment. G. W. E. Russell, who knew them well, put it thus: "As long as the Church is established, we can kick the parsons; but once disestablish it, and begad! they'll kick us". That is the Whig doctrine of Church and State in a nutshell.

If you do not hear that sort of thing said nowadays it may be because the politicians do not think the parsons have got much kick left in them. All the same, a non-Christian statesman may reasonably be averse to disturbing the establishment of the Church. It seems pretty harmless: it has little bark and no bite left in it, whereas, if you tried to have it put away, you would unloose a distracting controversy and you would become involved in an intricate and prolonged process of legislation. So let sleeping dogs lie. Statesmen do not say this publicly; I am not sure that they say it to themselves. But it may explain why it is that, however strong the arguments that can be adduced for disestablishment, it is highly improbable that any political party will take

the matter up, unless an unforeseen crisis forces its hand. This is a circumstance that everyone must take into account before reaching a conclusion about what ought to be done.

But I am going to consider not so much what is likely to happen to the establishment as what a Christian and a churchman ought to want to happen. Christians should have a doctrine, a belief, about what God intends the normal relations between a Church and a State to be, but they ought also to reckon realistically with the actual conditions that exist in any particular country at any given time. These conditions may make it impossible for the norm to be actualised.

First, then, what do Christians believe to be God's intention as regard the normal relations of Church and State? There are undoubtedly some Anglicans who are really 'free-churchmen' at heart. That is to say, they believe that the Church should always remain separate from the State. I do not know that any Anglican has stated this conviction so baldly as Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who in 1895 declared: 'I feel more convinced than ever that the connection between Church and State is wholly and to the roots un-Christian and anti-Christian'. But Bishop Gore, who was in favour of disestablishment, used to say things in that vein. 'In the early centuries (that is, before the time of Constantine)', he said, 'we see Christianity as Christ intended it to be—an elect body, a spiritual aristocracy . . . in obvious distinction from the world around it, and liable to persecution on account of its pugnacious distinctiveness and refusal of compromise' . . . whereas 'after Constantine's Edict of Toleration, Christianity became the fashion . . . What has been commonly called "the conversion of the Empire" was in fact the opening wide of the gates of the Church to the flooding world—a deeply corrupted and unconverted world'. The Church therefore should resist the blandishments of the State. Establishment inevitably leads to a lowering of Christian standards and witness and to all sorts of discreditable compromises. Representatives of this belief would add that the Church can best serve the world, and bring a salutary influence to bear upon the State, by keeping itself not only distinct but separate.

## The Main Tradition

In contrast to the free-church view, the main tradition in both Eastern and Western Christendom, in Protestantism as well as in Catholicism, has been that, wherever conditions permit, Church and State are intended by God to co-operate with one another and to enter into an alliance, if not a union. In the early centuries conditions did not permit the realisation of this norm, but the Catholic Church rightly entered into alliance with the State as soon as the way was open. In England the theological grounds for this alliance have been set forth by a succession of divines, notably, as Professor Sykes pointed out, by Richard Hooker and William Warburton, and in the nineteenth century, when the traditional alliance was wearing thin, by Coleridge and Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice taught that Church and State were ordained by God to perform distinct but complementary functions for the well-being of man in society:

We hold that the State and the Church do live to promote the same end; and that both alike are religious societies instituted and ordained by God, that both alike are to accomplish his will towards his creature man . . . But seeing that this man is a two-fold creature, seeing that there are certain outward acts which he may do to the detriment of himself and his fellows; and seeing that there are certain inward principles, governing those outward acts, imparting to them their essential goodness or evil, and themselves more sacred and important than the effects which flow from them, we believe that God has appointed one body, the State, as his minister for dealing with the outward, formal, visible conduct of men, and another minister, the Church, for

(continued on page 23)



# NEWS DIARY

June 25-July 1

## Wednesday, June 25

Soviet Government delivers Note to Western Powers threatening not to send representatives to conference of experts at Geneva on ways of detecting nuclear explosions

Conference of International Labour Organisation in Geneva expels Hungarian Government delegation

Minister of Education announces setting up of a committee to inquire into present system of grants from public funds to university students

## Thursday, June 26

Commons debates Cyprus

Party of thirty Russians land in Shetland Islands in pursuit of an Estonian seaman escaping from Russian fishing trawler

Current editions of two left-wing weekly newspapers seized in Paris

Western Powers state that they will continue to prepare for conference of experts at Geneva in spite of Soviet threat not to attend

## Friday, June 27

Czechoslovakia announces the expulsion of Mr. Eric Bedford, Second Secretary at British Embassy in Prague, on the grounds that he had attempted to smuggle a Czech citizen across the frontier

Russia rejects British proposal for talks on free exchange of information

Archbishop Makarios and the Primate of the Orthodox Church of Greece decide not to attend or send representatives to Lambeth Conference

## Saturday, June 28

British Government sends strong protest to Russia about landing of Soviet seamen in the Shetland Islands

Sir Hugh Foot flies back to Cyprus after talks in London

Death of Mr. Alfred Noyes, the poet, at the age of seventy-seven

## Sunday, June 29

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary fly to Paris for talks with General de Gaulle

United States ask for immediate release of crew of an American aircraft reported by Russia to have been forced down in Soviet territory

Brazil beats Sweden by five goals to two in final of World Association Football Cup match at Stockholm

## Monday, June 30

Talks between Mr. Macmillan and General de Gaulle end in Paris

Union rejects offer made to country busmen by London Transport Board

U.N. Secretary General reports to Security Council about situation in Lebanon

## Tuesday, July 1

Conference of experts meets at Geneva to discuss ways of detecting nuclear tests: Russians attend

General de Gaulle arrives on second visit to Algeria

The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh take up residence at Holyrood House



The Queen, dressed in overalls and helmet, at the pit head of Rothes Colliery, Kirkcaldy, Fife, on June 30, before going 1,600 feet underground on her first descent of a coalmine. The Duke of Edinburgh, who had preceded Her Majesty down, toured a different part of the mine. The previous day the Queen and the Duke went to Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland; it was the first visit there by a reigning monarch since Saxon times



C. K. Kemball of Wolverhampton Harriers entering the Polytechnic Stadium, Chiswick, to win this year's twenty-six mile Polytechnic marathon race from Windsor on June 28



At the Encaen can be seen M. Hugh Ganske followed by N.





Harold Macmillan with General de Gaulle at Orly airport, last Sunday. The two Prime Ministers had talks on issues of joint interest and Mr. Macmillan, who was accompanied by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, returned to London the following day



A policeman wading waist-deep through flood water in a street in Haverhill, Suffolk, on June 27 after the river Stour had burst its banks; forty people in the town had to leave their homes. Torrential rain fell all day over most of the country and in some places exceeded the average for the whole month. Records at Kew show this June to have been the wettest there for fifty-five years



On June 25, eight distinguished men received honorary degrees: crossing St. Giles Church, Lord Macmillan, the Prime Minister, and Lord Beveridge (foreground) followed by Mr. Owen Dixon, Chief Justice of Australia; Sir Alan Herbert, the Russian composer. Also in the procession were M. Poulenc, the composer, and Professor Tiselius of the University of Uppsala, Sweden



A display of foxgloves and peonies in the Exhibition of Flower Arrangements held last week at the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, east London. The exhibition was organised by the Floral Arrangement Association of London and the Home Counties



## Party Political Broadcast

# The Labour Party and Foreign Affairs

The Rt. Hon. HUGH GAITSKELL, C.B.E., M.P., Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, answers questions put to him by two journalists, John Connell and Robert Stephens

**HUGH GAITSKELL:** Good evening. Instead of talking to you on my own tonight I've asked Mr. Stephens and Mr. Connell to come and put questions to me, and I need hardly say that two journalists of such distinction are completely free to ask me anything they like.

**John Connell:** I gather we're going to keep more or less to foreign relations. I'd like to go straight into battle on probably the most difficult subject of all, the trouble in the Lebanon. A day or two ago the Foreign Secretary made a very careful statement in the House of Commons under pressure from the Labour Party. Do you accept that statement of his or do you disapprove of it?

**Gaitskell:** Well, I don't disapprove of it but I must admit we are rather anxious about the situation. There has been this immense build-up of forces in Cyprus and reports coming from Nicosia that it's not all for use in Cyprus. I know these things have been denied, and I'm glad they have been denied, but after what happened at Suez you can't very well blame us if we are a bit anxious. But perhaps I might say this about the Lebanon situation: I think that a good deal of the trouble is internal, in other words there is a revolt taking place against the existing Government. I think that that internal revolt has been aided and assisted by arms coming across the Syrian frontier.

**Connell:** Ah, you do admit the existence of intervention?

**Gaitskell:** Oh yes. Well, I don't know, but all I can say is, judging by what one has read and the people one has talked to who have been out there, I think there has been infiltration of arms across the frontier. I don't think there is any doubt about that.

**Connell:** And people?

**Gaitskell:** Possibly people as well; that I think is a little more obscure.

**Robert Stephens:** It does look now as if Mr. Hammarskjöld is going to report that the observer group he has in the Lebanon is enough to ensure that there is no serious smuggling in arms and men across the frontier, and that the Lebanese should be left to settle their own internal problems. Now, if this is so and if the Lebanese Government nevertheless still presses for more help from us, either to seal off the frontier or to deal with the opposition directly, do you think we should still back up Mr. Hammarskjöld in this, that is to say I think the request of the Lebanese?

**Gaitskell:** I think we should go firmly behind Hammarskjöld in this, that is to say I think we should support the United Nations and should not do anything which is inconsistent or contrary to the decisions of the Security Council. Let me just add that I said last week-end, and I repeat it here: I think it was a good thing for the Security Council to pass the resolu-

tion which gave Hammarskjöld the opportunity of getting these observers on the frontier, and I think the object should be to seal off the frontier. I don't believe, myself, it would be wise if in fact extra forces were needed for this purpose for British and American forces to be involved. It would be much wiser to rely on the so-called neutral countries to provide whatever manpower is necessary.

**Connell:** But surely, Mr. Gaitskell, are we inhibited for ever from going to the assistance, I won't even say of our friends, but of our clients, on any occasion when they ask for our assistance?

**Gaitskell:** Well, it depends what you mean, 'going to the assistance'. If you mean is it right for us to intervene, to maintain a particular government in power which is being threatened by a revolt in the Middle East, I would say it would be extremely unwise for us to do any such thing.

**Connell:** Ah, but I have got you to agree that there is intervention. We might not be intervening, wouldn't you agree?

**Gaitskell:** The way to deal with that intervention is through the United Nations and here you have a resolution which in fact enables the Secretary-General to organise the observers. Now if Mr. Stephens is right, and he is satisfied that he has got all the forces he needs for this purpose, then your argument fails completely.

**Connell:** Ah, but supposing Mr. Hammarskjöld asks for more forces?

**Gaitskell:** That's a different matter, but if he asks for more forces I would hope, certainly—I draw a distinction here between what you might call the legality and the wisdom of action—I would hope that he would ask for forces from other countries rather than British and American, because I think if British and American forces land in the Lebanon it will have very grave repercussions throughout the whole of the Middle East.

**Stephens:** You wouldn't say that if the Lebanese Government asked for action, for example, under Article 51 of the U.N. Charter, that would come within the character of aid through the U.N.?

**Gaitskell:** If they ask for aid through the U.N., then it depends on the decision of the Security Council, or, if there is a veto, it depends, of course, on what the Assembly decides.

**Stephens:** But do you think we should accept the interpretation of Mr. Hammarskjöld of the situation as he finds it?

**Gaitskell:** I certainly think that, and I would like to add again that my gravest anxiety is this: all the reports that I have read coming from the Lebanon in fact give warning against the danger of British and American intervention. It is quite certain that it will involve very serious repercussions in the other Arab States; it will give a tremendous handle to President Nasser's propa-

ganda. I don't believe myself that in the long run it will be of any help to President Chamoun.

**Connell:** Yes, but supposing those forces which are near were available for an operation that Mr. Hammarskjöld—I'm not saying President Chamoun—Mr. Hammarskjöld asked for, surely then isn't it response to intervention?

**Gaitskell:** If Mr. Hammarskjöld asks specifically for British and American forces that is one thing, and of course obviously that is a very important point, but, as far as I can make out from the press reports, this doesn't seem very likely. Either he won't want any more, as Mr. Stephens says, from anywhere, or if he does want any more I think he is much more likely to take them from the neutral countries that are providing the force between Israel and Egypt at the present time.

**Stephens:** If he can get them there quickly enough.

**Gaitskell:** Well, they are very near; after all, they are only in Israel.

**Stephens:** Could I go on to the broader subject in the Middle East? If we assume that we can get over this crisis in the Lebanon, have you any ideas as to how British policy could help to produce more stable and peaceful conditions generally in the Middle East so that this kind of crisis doesn't recur, or if it does it won't be so dangerous? I mean, for example, do you think that it is still possible to get any practical agreement with the Russians about the Middle East, as I think you did at one time?

**Gaitskell:** I certainly have always taken the view that it was worth discussing with the Russians whether one could get some agreement, for instance, on the control of arms deliveries to the Middle East. I also suggested that they should be invited, for instance, to join with us in giving a guarantee of the Arab-Israel frontier. Now I must admit that in the light of the last few weeks' developments, the possibilities of agreement with Russia seem a little less likely than they did. But on the whole I would still, I think, try to reach some agreement of that kind. I don't think that is the only thing that you've got to do about the Middle East. I think that there are two problems here: one is, what is our attitude to be to President Nasser's ambitions and the United Arab Republic itself. Here, obviously, we don't want to let down Iraq, for instance, but equally I don't think we want to get so terribly excited about it. Take, for instance, this business of the Lebanon. Now, you might say, supposing the Syrians are providing arms and this is enabling an internal revolution to take place? I don't think it follows that this means that the Lebanon, even if the revolt succeeds, is going to go in with Nasser.

**Connell:** You don't think so?

**Gaitskell:** No, I think the Lebanese generally manage to keep separate in these things. But I think if you could seal off the frontier, which is



the job of the U.N., then there is a fairly good prospect of the Lebanese settling this quarrel among themselves—patching it up with some kind of a compromise. What I am quite sure about is, even although it may seem a terrible risk to take, if on the one hand it is a question of not intervening with the risk that the Lebanon may fall under the control of Nasser and, let me admit it, be a satellite; if, on the other hand, we must intervene with force, don't forget that the consequences of that might be even worse. Like so many things it may be a choice of evils, and I'm bound to say I still feel myself that British-American intervention in the Middle East on this sort of excuse to maintain—because that is how it would be represented—an unpopular Government in power is about the worst possible thing that could happen, and it might indeed lead to trouble inside Irak which eventually would be very much to our disadvantage.

**Connell:** Yes, thank you. Could we move on now to one slightly 'tighter' part and smaller bit of the Middle East, and that is Cyprus. There was the debate in the House this week and your party did not vote against the Government. Would you, shortly, put your view on Cyprus now? As you see it now?

**Gaitskell:** I think what we all feel, irrespective of party, is that we want to see some kind of agreement which will give the island a breathing space, where the people can settle down without violence, where they can begin to govern themselves, gradually moving to more and more self-government, and which nevertheless would leave open the question of what the ultimate destiny of Cyprus is to be.

**Connell:** You would agree, look forward rather than back at a past filled with mistakes by us all?

**Gaitskell:** Yes. Obviously, I think we are all of us more concerned with looking forward. I mean we aren't prepared just to ignore mistakes that we think have been made, but I certainly think in present circumstances what we want to do is to bring peace to the island so long—and I

repeat—so long as it still leaves genuinely open the question of its future.

**Stephens:** But how does this fit in with the policy which was adopted at the Labour Party's last annual conference? Does it mean that you have now virtually given up the support for self-determination?

**Gaitskell:** No, by no means. I want to make that absolutely plain. We believe that the principle of self-determination, that is to say, the right of the Cypriot people, as indeed of other colonial peoples, ultimately to settle their own destiny, really must not be challenged, and indeed if we were to go back on this, then I think it would have very serious repercussions in the rest of the Commonwealth. So we stand by that. But one is bound to say it is no use talking of immediate self-determination in conditions of civil war, and we have somehow or other got to try and bring the Greek and Turkish Cypriot people to living together, to—so to speak—growing together, so that eventually you can talk genuinely of self-determination.

**Connell:** You don't dissent from the Prime Minister's experiment in partnership?

**Gaitskell:** We haven't dissented from it; we have our anxieties about it. We didn't want to say anything that would possibly discourage anybody from negotiating or reaching agreement on it, but we did make one or two criticisms, I think quite legitimately in the light of what I have just said, namely, that the scheme itself tends to divide the island too much, and we propose, for instance, a joint Assembly and so on to bring them together.

**Connell:** On details. Could we move on? You did touch on East-West relations, but I think it is only fair to ask you for a pretty general statement on that situation at present.

**Gaitskell:** I don't think anybody can deny that in the last few weeks all of us have been pretty concerned about the tendencies in Russian policy. The executions, of course, have been the worst feature of this, but there has been the attack on Yugoslavia, the letter on the Summit talks, the

rather uncertain attitude towards the Suspension of Tests Committee, and so on. I can only hope still that this doesn't mean a full reversion to Stalinism.

**Stephens:** But do you think it is still worth trying for Summit negotiations?

**Gaitskell:** Yes, I do. I think the West would be making a terrible mistake if because of what the Russians did they changed their line. I am sure the right line for us is to go on saying 'We want a settlement!' Indeed, as you know, we have been very critical of the Government for not saying that and not doing the kind of things that we would have liked done in that connection.

**Connell:** But even sending experts to Geneva is still . . .

**Gaitskell:** Certainly. This is one of the best things that has happened; I've always said that. I think it has been very rewarding so far as our reputation in the world is concerned and I certainly hope the Government will continue with that.

**Connell:** They're off on Monday,\* aren't they?

**Gaitskell:** They are, yes, yes.

**Stephens:** What subjects do you think are still worth discussing at this stage?

**Gaitskell:** I would still certainly go for the suspension of tests as a method of breaking the deadlock on disarmament, because we were not very far apart from the Russians on that. They have suspended tests and now this ought to be a fairly easy one to reach agreement on. I personally would like to see also the whole question of disengagement in Europe raised, the possible thinning out of forces, the establishment of a pilot disarmament scheme in this particular danger area, for instance. Those are the two things that I think I would put top in the agenda for the Summit talks.

I am afraid that is all we have time for; it seems to have gone incredibly quickly. The questions have been all about foreign affairs, but I think you will probably agree that just at the moment they really are the most important. Good night.

\* Broadcast on June 28.

## Letters to the Editor

### The Limits of Science

Sir,—Mr. Magnus Pyke, in discussing the limits of science on June 19, has evaded the greatest of all its limits—that science has nothing to say about the spiritual world and its values. He hints at this when he says that 'the real limit . . . for us to command the social sciences as we now do the natural sciences, is ignorance'!

Is it not possible—or indeed probable—that science will never touch the realm of the spirit, that portion of our make-up which is the true (and probably immortal) self? 'Bathrooms for all' is no doubt 'perfectly reputable'. But is it not supremely important that those who possess the bathrooms (with plastic pipes), and who also have the atomic bombs, should be able to control themselves, and to live a full life? Is it not the realm of spiritual reality that possesses the only safeguards against the misuse of the wonderful (and especially the terrible) products of scientific knowledge? Science is very wonderful and 'in the field of concrete things . . . can explain

everything'. But only in the field of concrete things; not in the realm of the spirit, where dwell beauty, honour, courage, and kindness.

Yours, etc.,

Ambleside

HOWARD SOMERVELL

### The Church and England

Sir,—For my own part, I am much in sympathy with the propositions which Mr. Sorensen advances in his letter, and there are others—probably many others—of like sympathy in the Church today. But the work of theological re-interpretation and re-statement inevitably waits upon changes in ecclesiastical structure and government. As I was at pains to stress in my talk, the present nature of the Church, determined necessarily by those in power, is against radical reform. The nature of the Church can only be changed by a leadership more widely representative of the laity of England.

As things are, that laity (upon the existing baptismal basis of membership of the national

Church) may well number about twenty-seven millions. How many of those millions feel the need of a Church? Certainly far more than can be reckoned devoted members of the Church as it is. Until this wider and possibly deeper need becomes much more articulate, those in the Church who are in sympathy with Mr. Sorensen's propositions are comparatively powerless under the present regime. Indeed, Mr. Sorensen himself is in a far better position to get things moving in the desired direction, by raising on the floor of the House of Commons (where it quite properly belongs) the whole question of the Church's somewhat unrepresentative establishment.—Yours, etc.,

Warwick

JOSEPH McCULLOCH

### The Territorial Army

Sir,—It was not fair to expect that Lord Harding's admirable talk on 'The Golden Jubilee of the Territorial Army' in THE



LISTENER of June 26 could have been complete. I venture, however, with all respect to suggest that he took a somewhat unfortunate example of how the territorial forces faced the ordeal of war when he selected the landing at Suvla Bay in August 1915. This was one of the great failures of the first world war and was attributed not only to the lack of leadership of a general unhappily in the 'sere and yellow' of his career, but to the fact that the troops were comparatively 'green'. In addition I believe that the majority were K battalions and not territorials.

Lord Harding might have taken as an example the 42nd Territorial Division (*minima pars fui*) which had been on the Peninsula at Helles since May 1915 and had already covered itself with glory. In addition this Division, it should be remembered, was the first territorial Division to leave England as a Division as early as September 1914. It went to Egypt, releasing several regular formations stationed there. I believe I am also right in saying that certain territorial units such as the H.A.C., the London Scottish, and the Artists' Rifles were in France at a very early stage of the war.

One of the aspects of which the Territorial Army must be most proud was that it included in its ranks in its early days young officers who rose to the highest eminence. Two come to one's mind immediately: Field-Marshal Sir William Slim and, of course, the distinguished author of the talk, Field-Marshal Lord Harding.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

SIDNEY SALOMON

### The Dead Sea Scrolls

Sir,—Owing to absence from England I did not hear Father de Vaux's broadcast on the Dead Sea Scrolls, and know of it now only from the report published in THE LISTENER of June 19.

His main argument against my identification of the Qumran sect with the Zealots is derived from the *Natural History* of Pliny the Elder, from whose pages (he says) it is clear that the sect were Essenes. As a matter of fact, a historian's careful reading of this now-famous passage makes it quite certain that the reverse is the case. For Pliny (who had fought under Titus in the Palestinian campaign) specifically states that when he wrote the Essenes were still living their idyllic lives in their monastic centre some distance (this, too, must be emphasised) from the Dead Sea coast, *although the adjacent area had been devastated as a result of the war*: it is thus clear that he is speaking of conditions at the time when he completed his work, in A.D. 77. This centre could not, therefore, have been Qumran, which Father de Vaux insists was captured and destroyed in A.D. 68, and immediately thereafter occupied by a Roman garrison. I myself indeed believe that the capture did not take place until A.D. 73: the numismatic argument can be used only to give an approximate dating, unless we hold that all successive occupants of any site make a point of losing forthwith a newly-minted coin.

The dilemma remains. Unless the identification of the Qumran sect with the Zealots is admitted, then it must be supposed that in the year 67 (at least) there existed on the west coast of the Dead Sea two different bellicose sects, frenziedly opposed both to the Romans and to the central government in Jerusalem, and

each venerating the personality of a 'Righteous' Teacher, whose culminating experience was an assault by a 'Wicked' priest, on or about the period of the Day of Atonement, and each of whom had in the past a close associate named Absalom. Until this point is adequately answered (as it has not been thus far) my thesis stands.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

CECIL ROTH

### The Guinness Book of Poetry

Sir,—I am puzzled by a rather silly paragraph written by some anonymous reviewer about *The Guinness Book of Poetry* (THE LISTENER, June 19). After sneering at the Guinness poetry awards, he states that this volume is 'superficial do-good book-making which we can well do without'. Later he refers to this 'unnecessary book'.

Unnecessary to whom? Who are the 'we' who collectively can 'well do without' this volume of contemporary verse? Is your reviewer a strict lady running some kind of institution, or perhaps a sententious schoolmaster who wishes to ensure that the boys' reading should be kept on the right lines? Presumably he or she is in training for some future totalitarian bureaucracy in which publishers will print what they are told and people like Guinness will be ordered to do what is good for them. Until that time comes, I cannot for the life of me see why this brewery house should not distribute money to poets, selected incidentally by other people, or why they should be discouraged from paying what in these days is a handsome fee (more than most weeklies) to poets whose work they wish to print in a book.

As to the book being 'unnecessary', it can do no harm if I mention that it has already had a substantial sale within a few weeks of publication. Volumes of contemporary verse are few and far between in these days and the sales figures suggest that there are many readers who actually welcome an opportunity to buy the stuff in spite of your reviewer's hysterical demands that we could well do without it and that Guinness, instead of messing about with awards, should supply free drinks to poets.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

JOHN PUDNEY,

Director, Putnam and Co. Ltd.

### 'The Merchant of Venice'

Sir,—I read with considerable amazement and resentment the notice of the sound production of 'The Merchant of Venice' in THE LISTENER of June 19. Mr. Roy Walker is apparently disappointed that Mr. Andrews, who portrayed the part of Shylock, 'failed in the trial scene to incarnate the Old Testament wickedness of legalised revenge'; likewise Miss Irene Worth's interpretation of Portia did not succeed in 'transmuting Jewish justice into the pure gold of Christian mercy'.

The assumption that the Old Testament specialises in such wickedness is a travesty of the truth and disregards such a direct injunction as 'Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people' (Lev. xix. 18). To associate 'legalised revenge', even if such a concept were imaginable, with 'Jewish justice' is, to say the least, to negate all the prophetic teachings whose constant plea was for the furtherance of social justice and personal morality.

If Mr. Walker had the *Lex Talionis* in mind he should have made himself acquainted with the correct exposition of 'An eye for an eye' which even in earliest Rabbinic times was interpreted as 'the value of an eye for an eye'—a simple legal principle of financial compensation for personal injury.

Does Mr. Walker seriously accept that the code laid down 4,000 years ago and which indeed forms the basis of justice and morality today can compete in 'legalised wickedness' with the judicial system which prevailed in this country until a century ago and which inflicted the death penalty for the most trivial offences, such as stealing objects of small monetary value, not only on adults but in many cases on children? Is this the 'Christian mercy' to which Mr. Walker alludes?—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

ISAAC LEVY

### Delius—Twenty Years After

Sir,—I am sorry to see Mr. Donald Mitchell (THE LISTENER, June 12) joining in the modish chorus of denigration against Delius, and even suggesting that this current vagary of fashion is an authentic indication of the composer's true value.

Mr. Mitchell's article betrays his narrow allegiance to the tradition of the Viennese classics—he apparently thinks of *form* exclusively in terms of structure rather than texture (to adapt Dame Edith Sitwell's distinction to the musical purpose) and cannot imagine *harmony* except with reference to the tonal system of the nineteenth century. He thus repeats (in a manner unworthy of his own intelligence) the old cry about Delius' 'formlessness' and tries to limit his significance to the 'miniature' works, with as little justification as Paul Landormy once did for Brahms.

And yet, what is there to be ashamed of in Peter Warlock's claim that the 'Mass of Life' is worthy to rank beside Bach? What had there been of comparable stature between the two in the realm of choral music with orchestra? Mozart's Requiem, no doubt; and 'Gerontius,' so nearly contemporary with Delius that the chronological point hardly applies.

Cecil Gray was doubtless an erratic critic, but his championship of Delius indicated a greater acumen than Mr. Mitchell will allow—as did also the fact that he saw through the humbug of Schubert.—Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne, 3 NORMAN SUCKLING

### Pronouncing Italian

Sir,—It seems to me that the two letters published in THE LISTENER of June 12 on Italian pronunciation are not too helpful. Mr. Richards makes the correct point that 'ch' followed by 'i' or 'e' is hard; he could have added that these two vowels invariably follow the 'ch' in Italian, so that to name them particularly is superfluous. The fact is that the English 'k' does not exist in Italian, in that alphabet 'ch' does the same job.

In both letters published complaint is made that the Italian soft 'g' sound is heard as a French 'j', but this is rather like splitting hairs. How many Italians speak their language as precisely as all that, even in the 'la lingua toscana in bocca romana' conversational circles?

Yours, etc.,

Westmorland

JOSEPH JOHNSON



# The Church and England

(continued from page 17)

dealing with the inward, spiritual, invisible origins of that conduct.

call this theory of the relation of Church and State 'co-ordination'. Church and State are held to have different but equally necessary functions to perform for the health of a nation. They should recognise, support, and collaborate with one another, and at the same time check and keep one another up to the mark in the discharge of their respective services.

On this view, Erastian and clericalist forms of church establishment are perversions of the norm. Erastianism means that the Church is created as the religious department of the State and is controlled by the State; it must be allowed that history, including the history of the Church of England, affords examples of this perversion. The clericalist perversion means that the State is controlled or dominated by the Church. The purest, or impurest, example of this was to be seen in the old States of the Church. But clericalism is still a menace wherever the Church is powerful and statesmen are subservient to it. It is in fact a worse perversion than Erastianism, for ecclesiastics and so-called Christian parties are prone to invoke divine or supernatural sanctions for their pursuit of power and privilege. While it is usually said that England has been happily spared the clericalism—and the anti-clericalism—that have poisoned the political life of some continental countries, it would be a mistake to disregard this perversion of the idea of co-ordination. Wherever there is an established Church, or indeed a powerful non-established Church, the designs of ecclesiastical hierarchies should be viewed with suspicion.

There is another reservation that must be made about a co-ordination of Church and State. In the old days Church establishments were based on the assumption that unity of religion was more or less necessary in order to secure national unity and the maintenance of order and social harmony. Hence the penalising and persecution of dissenters. Since the advent of religious toleration this assumption has been shown to be unwarranted, for liberal and pluralist societies have existed and thrived. Totalitarianism is a reaction to the pursuit of ideological uniformity, and Churches are not immune to the totalitarian temptations. Christians who seek a co-ordination of Church and State must make it indubitably clear that they have renounced the ambition to embrace all the citizens of a State in a single Church. The fact is that the stronger an established Church is, the more it needs to have dissenters and critics alongside it to direct attention to its limitations and failings and to prevent it from over-reaching itself. An established Church should not only acquiesce in the provision of liberty for dissenting minorities, but should be active in defending the legal and other rights of those whose conscience moves them to oppose the Church. I do not think that in England today Christians, whether of the established or free Churches, are enough to the fore in demanding liberty and opportunity for non-Christians to witness to their convictions.

With these qualifications, a co-ordination of Church and State is a norm that Christians may always want to see realised. But we have yet to

consider whether conditions exist in England today which make a church establishment desirable or even tolerable. In the first place, it seems obvious that for a Church to be recognised by the State as the national Church it ought to have the allegiance of a large majority of the citizens. That condition was notoriously absent in Ireland when Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church. To the extent that the Church of England has lost, or does not possess, the allegiance of a majority of the citizens of England, the case for maintaining the Establishment has been weakened, if not destroyed. Perhaps, it is only because there is no other Church to which a majority of our citizens is attached that the established position of the Church of England has not been more seriously called in question.

Secondly, there is now in England a number of Churches that have as good a standing in the life of the nation as the Church of England; why should that alone be legally established? If that state of affairs is likely to endure, justice would seem to call either for the disestablishment of the Church of England or for the concurrent establishment of all such Churches as are willing to accept it. Alternatively, the State, through its spokesmen at the national and local levels, could reasonably say to the Church of England: 'You call yourself a national Church and hang on to the privileges of establishment, but a majority of Christians in this country are excluded from your membership. You are responsible for splitting up our citizens into denominational sections instead of bringing home to them that they are members of a local, national and international community. We give you ten years to show that you can bring the majority of Christians in England into a united Church. If you cannot, we shall deprive you of your exclusive privileges and redistribute your endowments'. If I were a statesman, that is what I should want to say to churchmen. Indeed, I say it now, without being a statesman, but only a citizen.

But, thirdly, there is a more formidable challenge to be put to the Church of England. Even if the present Church of England proved itself capable of drawing the majority of Christians in the country into one communion, so bringing into existence a new, reformed and genuinely comprehensive Church in England, it would by no means follow that the resulting united Church would deserve to be recognised as the established Church, for reasons that were indicated by Mr. McCulloch and Mr. MacIntyre.\*

What Mr. McCulloch said if I understood him aright—and, if so, I agree with him—is this: The existing Church of England (the same could surely be said by and large of the non-established Churches) is failing to do for the nation what a Christian Church should be expected to do. 'There is', he said, 'a development of Christian life and thought in the nation which cannot be confined or included within present ecclesiastical boundaries'. The Church is too preoccupied with institutional concerns, too legalistic in its orthodoxy and ideologically middle-class. If there could be a break-through from the Church's side to more free and flexible patterns of thought and worship and community which would meet and embrace the widespread desire of Christian outsiders for what a Church ought to be, then conditions would exist that would justify a renewal of the

nexus between Church and State; there might be a sort of neo-Elizabethan settlement.

I am sure Mr. McCulloch is right in supposing that, if anything like this is to come about, it will be through lay people being given much more scope for initiative, responsibility, and leadership in the life of the Church. It would be a movement much larger and potentially more explosive than is envisaged in the trivial recent proposal to tack on Houses of Laity to the clerical Convocations. In other words, if the present Establishment is to be broken through and its innate possibilities released, it will be by a movement from below rather than from above.

Mr. MacIntyre, though he is not against an established Church on principle, took a much gloomier view of the present state of affairs. He is definitely of the opinion that there is now no rational alternative to disestablishing the Church. The people of England have no common faith, he says. They are confused and in disagreement about morality as well as about religion. They have no shared symbols that fitly express their common convictions, since they have none to express. The Church of England has abysmally failed to do anything commensurate with the demands of the time. Therefore the Establishment should be scrapped forthwith; it is little more than window dressing anyhow. Then Christians would know where they were and what they were up against, and what an immense moral and spiritual transformation has got to take place in the nation as well as in the Church before a new ecclesiastical settlement could be contemplated with equanimity.

## Residual Christian Aspiration

Mr. MacIntyre may be right. But for my part I think that he exaggerates the degree of moral confusion that there is in the nation, and also that he underestimates the potentialities of the diffused and residual Christian aspiration that is knocking about all over the place. To say the least, I am much less sure than he is about how we should assess the moral and religious sentiments of the English people. If they were really put to the test, it might appear that they have more to them than those who look for an articulate expression of them imagine.

At all events, as I have observed, the disestablishment of the Church of England is not at present practical politics. For this reason as well, I am for exploring Mr. McCulloch's hopes. This means that the continued establishment of the Church should be treated as presenting a heavy question mark both to professing Christians and to the nation generally. Let all who can rock the boat wherever they can take hold of it. Let awkward and embarrassing questions be put to Christians in season and out of season, so that they are driven to show whether they can find a way out of the present impasse and set in motion the formation of a Church that will be entitled to be recognised as the Church of the people. Can believing Christians get on to speaking terms with men in government and industry, with the intellectuals and the men of goodwill, with the perplexed and the puzzled? That is the question which the existence of an established Church invites us to press and to agitate. The Establishment should be used much more than it is as a talking point both by those who like it and by those who dislike it.—*Third Programme*



## Art

## Treasures of Japanese Art

MARGARET MEDLEY on the exhibition organised by the Arts Council

THE exhibition of Japanese sculpture and painting now at the Victoria and Albert Museum provides a unique opportunity for bettering our acquaintance with an art too little appreciated in this country. For the first time we are seeing treasures of Japanese culture selected from collections to which access is often difficult.

Examples of both arts have been chosen to show the main trends of every period. In sculpture, the Torii school, with its stylistic origins in early sixth century China, is represented by a seated figure in bronze of the historical Buddha. It shows a strong sense of linear pattern, but has very little plastic volume and is typical of the earliest pieces dating from the late sixth century and early seventh century. The feeling for linear patterns and rhythms is as strong in Japan as in China, but for various reasons the sense of volume develops more rapidly in Japan. A more mature style is shown in a delicately sensuous figure of Kannon (Avalokitesvara) from Japan's oldest monastery, in which linear pattern is no longer predominant. Under the influence of esoteric Buddhism in the ninth century the whole style changes to a monumentality in keeping with the transformed values of the period. The figures have a sombre grandeur stemming from a deep reverence for spiritual meaning. The large figure (reproduced on this page) carved from a single block of wood, of Yakushi, Buddha of Medicine, whose vow to relieve sickness inevitably made him popular, is an impressive example of this style in which symbolism has greater importance than realism. In the succeeding centuries, the more sympathetic, less exacting worship of Amida Buddha produced a softer, more elegant style, with later still a return to realism, that was sometimes carried to extremes bordering on caricature. Most of these have robes painted with textile designs, and eyes set with crystal to bring them to a more human level. This same richness of decoration occurs in painting, even to the use of gold for ornamental detail.

A favourite subject of Buddhist painting was the descent of Amida and his heavenly host to receive the faithful who called on his name. There are two examples in the exhibition, both of the thirteenth century. One showing his appearance over the hills, a beautifully delicate painting, is more static and lower keyed than the true descent, which is represented by an example in which the Buddha and his escort seated on clouds, with their robes fluttering out behind them, float down diagonally across the surface, giving an impression of silent speed. The cult of Amida with its easy way to paradise was in some ways an enervating influence, which was countered by Hell scrolls. In these the sufferings of the damned are depicted as a threat to those who do not sincerely believe. One scroll of the thirteenth century is shown in which the firm, fluent brushwork reinforces

the vivid warning against sin and excesses.

Not all scroll painting is religious; some is frank caricature like that of the Chōgū Giga scrolls, until recently attributed to Toba Sōjō. The first two of the series, one of which is



Yakushi Buddha, the Buddha of Medicine, carved from a single block of wood over five feet high; ninth century; from the Gango-ji, Nara

shown, date back to the twelfth century; they show animals aping men and are a brilliant satire on human arrogance and folly. The strong linear style, fluent and subtly suggestive of volume, is characteristically Japanese, as are the clarity and directness. The style is a variant of that known as Yamato-e, Japanese painting, which grew to maturity in the tenth and eleventh centuries. It was this style with its clean, bright colour that was widely used for the pictorial narrative scrolls of novels, like the *Tale of Genji*, legends of the foundation of monasteries and Shinto shrines, and for biographies of monks and statesmen.

Sometimes text and illustration alternated, as in the Kitano Tengin Engi, the biography of the poet-statesman Sugawara Michizane, of which the first scroll is on show. This is more thoughtful and dreamy than, for instance, the Legend

of the Keron sect, also on view, from which text is omitted; this impresses as a fast moving serial story. Another biographical scroll, very different in character is the Life of Ippen, founder of the Joshū sect, who popularised

Amidism; it is remarkable for the beautiful landscape backgrounds. The style, truly national, with its strong human interest, frank expression of emotion and often crowded scenes, is the ultimate ancestor of the familiar Ukiyoe colour print.

In ink painting, Chinese influence, never far distant, re-appears in the late fourteenth century, but the treatment of Chinese subject matter is Japanese. Even Sesshū, the greatest master of all, two of whose works are shown, remained wholly Japanese in his handling in spite of his intimate knowledge of China and Chinese painting. His Ameno-Hashidate, 'Bridge of Heaven', dated about 1501 is a topographical painting remarkable for a detailed treatment that yet leaves the compositional balance undisturbed. The other, a winter landscape, is a highly individual composition, whose execution is quite unlike that of any Chinese painting one could name. The brush strokes are thicker and more robust than the Chinese would normally tolerate. The overhanging cliff, thrown up in mid-air and left to stand crisp and firm in space, is a unique example of his unusual style. Later ink painting was influenced by the meticulous Chinese academic bird and flower painting but the *literati* school in Japan, admirably represented by Buson and Ikeno Taiga in the eighteenth century, also has a place.

The native tradition of the sixteenth century is represented on one side by the works of such great artists as Sōtatsu and Kōrin, with their strong feeling for design and lavish use of bright colour and gold, and on the other by the Kano school, with its firm ink outline and Japanese handling of Chinese subject matter. In spite of well-established schools and families of craftsmen, painters there were always individualists, such as Tōhaku in the sixteenth century, whose Pine-tree Screen is such an outstanding example of atmosphere, in which emotion and reality achieve perfect equilibrium. Another was Gyokudō, who lived into the nineteenth century; an album of his landscapes on show is executed with rapid brush strokes and impetuous splashes of colour that take his painting outside time. In this beautifully chosen and shown exhibition in which even modern traditional style developments are not ignored, we are given a chance to learn and appreciate something of Japanese ideals expressed in visual terms, from which architects in the west have already begun to profit.

*The Japanese Tradition in British and American Literature*, by Earl Miner (Oxford for Princeton University Press 30s) is the first book to explore the influence of Japan on the West as a subject and inspiration in literature.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Landor: A Replevin.** By Malcolm Elwin. Macdonald. 45s.

APART FROM A COUPLE of short lyrics in the *Golden Treasury*, all that the average reader knows about Walter Savage Landor is that he was the original of 'Boythorn' in Dickens' *Bleak House*. That portrait is not a caricature because it is not an exaggeration, but as it delineates scarcely more than one aspect of its subject it is merely an impression. Possibly, too, many people have heard the story that Landor in a fit of fury threw someone out of a window, instantly realising with a shock of horror that the body would fall on a beautiful bed of flowers beneath and wreck it. But who, nowadays, reads his *Imaginary Conversations*, which were so highly praised by his famous contemporaries? It is improbable that they will ever be read in the future except by style-fanciers because they lack the one quality that can vitalise dialogue: the characters of the speakers are not sufficiently differentiated, and so their points of view fail to convince. In other words, Landor was no dramatist, and idiosyncratic contrasts, which alone can animate printed conversation, were beyond him. The explanation may be that, as a character himself, he was not mediumistic enough to reproduce other characters on paper.

It is chiefly as a character that he deserves to be remembered. He ran the gamut of all the eccentricities associated with such. Violently quarrelsome at one moment, he was meltingly tender at another. Now rational, now capricious, he could never be depended upon to behave in the same way for two hours together. He suffered in imagination from persecution by governments, affronts by peers of the realm, rudeness by servants. Inheriting a good estate, he frittered it away by experiments in a Welsh valley, and developed a hatred of its inhabitants, calling the Welsh the worst people on earth. Forced to live in Italy, he quickly decided that the Italians were the worst people on earth. He saw the world in black and white, reality being black, his dreams white; and he dealt in superlatives, everything being either sublime beyond words or vile beyond expression. He could be fiercely loyal and excessively touchy, and a man for whom he would sacrifice his life one day might be challenged to a duel the next. His exhibitions of insensate rage were followed by displays of infectious good humour. As a result, he made countless enemies, while his friends laughed at him, liked him, but treated him with caution. Though he did not love his wife when he married her, and subjected her to his freakish moods in the early years of their union, he was shocked when she started to abuse him. Spoiling his children in their infancy, he was surprised when they grew up spoilt. Withal, when not in sulky mood, his talk was stimulating, his laughter uproarious, his personality provocative.

Clearly a good subject for the biographer, but in that respect Landor has not been fortunate. John Forster was the first, and his chronicle reveals the prudence, the bias and the tedium inseparable from John Forster. Then came Sidney Colvin, whose sketch was academic, respectable, and wholly uninspired. The next work of note was by Mr. R. H. Super, who pro-

duced a typically American tome wherein Landor is buried in a mausoleum of data. Now comes Mr. Malcolm Elwin, whose sympathy with his subject makes him repetitive and not sufficiently selective. There is too much about Landor's business transactions, and a great deal too much of this sort of thing:

He visited Mary Boyle and her sister at Marston, near Ilchester, but the wet summer caused him to defer a proposed excursion into Devon till it was finally abandoned in late September when he heard that Francis Hare and Kenyon, whom he was to have met at Torquay, had both left for the continent. During September he received a visit from Forster.

Informative, no doubt, but not very arresting. In short, it is a book for those who are already interested in the subject, not one to arouse interest; and as Landor is far more remarkable as a man than as a writer, his biographer should concentrate on the figure, not the frame.

**Frances Anne.** By Edith Marchioness of Londonderry. Macmillan. 30s.

This is the story of one who combined in equal measure the *grand dame* and the Lady Bountiful. As the young wife of Lord Charles Stewart, the British ambassador in Vienna, and later (on the death of his brother, better known as Lord Castlereagh) third Marquess of Londonderry, Frances Anne did the honours of the embassy with unsurpassed splendour and magnificence. Whether receiving her guests in a coruscation of jewels or posting across Europe with a retinue of six nurses, a doctor, couriers, postilions and servants innumerable, she and her husband brilliantly fulfilled the continental role of the British aristocracy in the high noon of its pomp and opulence. But, with a joint income of £80,000 a year, this may not have been difficult.

As only child of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Frances Anne inherited while a young girl extensive property in County Durham thickly studded with collieries which were every year producing increased royalties. To these estates and their responsibilities she had devoted herself very early in married life, but very much more so after the death of her husband. The young bride who seemed to have had little purpose in life beyond personal adornment and entertaining on a spectacular scale became in time the wise and accomplished business woman and manager. Hospitals for her miners and their families were built and endowed, schools were founded and welfare schemes inaugurated. To bring increased prosperity and employment there was constructed first a harbour at Seaham and then a railway connecting it with Sunderland. Admittedly Frances Anne's conception of industrial relations was essentially feudal. If the worker behaved himself, laboured with a will and a smile, his future either in employment or retirement, sickness or health was assured. Strike and he was treated without mercy. Nevertheless if all members of the landowning aristocracy who were then cashing in on the Industrial Revolution had shown the same consideration for their workpeople much of the bitter industrial strife of the past hundred years might have been avoided.

Yet Frances Anne was hardly a lovable character. Though she had a passionate but probably innocent friendship with the Czar Alexander she seems to have had few close friends. Pride and hauteur and an immense sense of her own importance and dignity must have made intimacy difficult. It is characteristic that when her eldest son once turned up unexpectedly she exclaimed 'Who asked you to come?'; and, getting the reply 'No one', said 'Then you can go away again'. Which he did by the cab that brought him.

Lady Londonderry has written a book which is delightfully entertaining in itself and instructive for the valuable light it throws on the social scene of the first half of the last century.

**A Dictionary of British Surnames**

By P. H. Reaney.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 70s.

Most people are interested in the origin of their surnames. If it is Sinclair they are delighted to believe that it comes, as well it may, from St. Clair in Normandy, and to imagine an ancestor who 'came over' with William the Conqueror. William collected as aides a most disreputable as well as distinguished mob, but they may prefer this to having had an ancestor who was a Sinkler: an honest craftsman in the cloth trade. In other words, people like romance, preferably socially creditable, and not history. They like genealogy (a sometimes disreputable study) and not philology. Pure scholarship may be, for them, disconcertingly pure.

This book is scholarly, and makes no concessions to sentiment, although the author is rightly lenient towards Bardsley, whose *Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames*, published posthumously in 1901, is, with his *History of Surnames*, the most readable book on the subject for the ordinary inquisitive layman. Mr. Reaney is opposed to the more specialised erudition of L'Estrange Ewen and Tenvik, although no one could dispute the urbane authority of the late Professor Weekley. He is an authority in his own right, a philologist who studied under Professor Daniel Jones at University College, London, and an author of books about place-names and dialect. He has written learned monographs, and his list of authorities for this work is prodigious, if perhaps somewhat recondite for the ordinary reader. He is a scholar who has added much in detail, and this in particular, to the study of our nomenclature.

All our surnames derive from one of four categories, or permutations of these. They come from personal names, place names, names of occupation, or nicknames. All too often they may come from any or all of them, and Mr. Reaney has not room in his learned preface to explain, although he is rightly guarded, how complicated a matter it is. Many names were taken down, from a Celto-Saxon peasantry, by a Norman clerk who could hardly understand the dialect of the peasants who came before him. 'Aliquid'—the Latin for 'something or other'—one is reputed to have written down in quill and pique, and the name lingered for some generations in the Eastern Counties as an



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Financial Times 35s. net

JAMES ROBERTSON

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FOREWORD BY RONALD MAC KEITH  
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accepted surname. When did personal names become hereditary? Which foreign influence operated at which time? Why are the names with -bottom (a valley all over England) so prevalent in a small part of Lancashire and Cheshire? In his short preface Mr. Reaney has no room to answer this. Nor does he mention the complication of bastards, who were at one time allowed merrily to adopt whatsoever name they chose, and usually voted in the bracket from Shakespeare to Nelson.

This, however, is a dictionary, not a history. It is a dictionary of some 20,000 names. We have at least 100,000 in the British Isles, and obviously many must be missing. Some are the obvious place-names. Others are less explicable. One wonders at the lack of Wontner (usually, if not accurately, explained as a mole-catcher) and Sillitoe. The poor Buggs have only one explanation instead of the several (all creditable) which could have been given. A Smith is described as a worker in metal, which is usually true so far as the name is concerned, although it first meant a worker in wood.

Yet much is new, and much old is corrected, whilst the range of reading and references is immense. This book may prove a disappointment to some facile persons who wish for personal explanation, but it is a work of scholarship which should be in all responsible libraries, and will remain a permanent record of research and application in a field which is too easily the happy hunting-ground of the antiquarian dilettante.

### India's Changing Villages

By S. C. Dube. Routledge. 25s.

A Gandhian slogan still in considerable vogue in India is 'from the ground up'. From the appendices back would be a way of tackling this important study which would give particular meaning to that slogan. The first appendix studies the emerging role of the village level worker (VLW), 'a new type of public servant', a cadre without the claptrap, a base for the structure. He is a part of the huge government machine, but he must be free of every bureaucratic disability and vice. He is paid from £4 to £12 per month; and the second appendix, a record of ten days in a Rajput village, gives a human idea of how he earns it, from perhaps 4 a.m. till late at night, ending with the Gandhian discipline of the diary. This is social service. What is significantly new about it is the scale and nature of the national planning (from the top down, as Dr. Dube admits it has so far had to be) which has given India its Community Development Programme.

The aims of the Programme as geared to the First Five-Year Plan, under the broad sanction of principles expressed in the Constitution, were first to produce positive improvements in the national agricultural yield, in rural health and education, and secondly (in the author's summary) 'to initiate and direct a process of integrated culture change'. The scale, starting with pilot projects, would ideally cover the whole of rural India (say 300 million people) by 1966. Clearly the two basic aims are interlocked. New implements or artificial insemination of cattle may influence 'culture changes', and a socially progressive village will be more productive. What the planners have recognised is that neither will be achieved without the free, conscious and intelligent co-operation of individual men and

women in the villages. The obstacles in the way of achieving this, and the motives of acceptance where it is achieved, are dispassionately studied by Dr. Dube. Many of them, of course, have always been obvious and are not changed by presenting them in the language of sociology as spoken at Cornell University, which provided facilities for analysing the ground-research. This research was confined to a single Community Development Block, and there concentrated mainly on two villages. But such is the author's thoroughness and his understanding of the project as a whole that with all India's baffling variety there hardly seems a problem which he has not illuminated at some point. He cannot be charged with complacency. 'A beginning has been made'. But he knows the stakes are high. 'Success or failure may vitally affect the course of political and social evolution not only in India, but in many regions of Asia, and may even have far-reaching impact on the world situation'.

### Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement By Gustie L. Herrigel.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

### Zen Buddhism. By Christmas Humphreys. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Books, articles, and speakers on Zen Buddhism continue to appear to satisfy what is apparently a growing demand in the West to understand this elusive teaching. Eugen Herrigel's *Zen in the Art of Archery*, which appeared in 1953, roused particular interest in so far as it was the only book by a Westerner to describe from personal experience the slow and difficult process of approaching Zen through the medium of one of the arts and crafts traditionally associated with it in Japan. Mr. Herrigel chose the art of archery as his path towards Zen experience. His wife chose flower arrangement, and now her book *Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement* has appeared, in response to repeated demands, as a companion to her husband's.

Mrs. Herrigel's book is not, as her husband's was, an account of a process of inner development, so much as a description of the principles of her flower master's teaching. Learning to arrange flowers through the basic Principle of Three was not simply a matter of grasping a number of rules, but of entering into a spiritual communication, almost a spiritual identity, with the flowers. Much of the master's teaching was by wordless example; the better to rouse in his pupils the duty of discovering for themselves the true spirit of flower arrangement, and of promoting the 'slow inward transformation and maturation' necessary to this understanding. Mrs. Herrigel finally realised that the Principle of Three was not simply a rule designed to produce a pleasing arrangement of flowers, but a 'cosmic principle' which led to self-knowledge. 'By adhering strictly to the cosmic pattern', she writes, 'the artist learns, in accordance with the Eastern attitude of pure, unpurposing surrender to the laws of the cosmos, to experience them through and through. At the same time he breaks through to the depths of his own being, which rests on the same laws'. Certainly this book will interest students both of Zen and of flower arrangement. There are a number of illustrations and a short foreword by Dr. Suzuki.

Mr. Christmas Humphreys' *Zen Buddhism*, first published in 1949 and doubtless already

familiar to students of Zen, has now been republished in a slightly more compact form. As founder-President of the London Buddhist Society, Mr. Humphreys is well known for his explosive technique of expounding Zen. As he himself remarks in his preface, it is a difficult book and largely nonsense—but then Zen is not 'sense' any more than is life, and Mr. Humphreys can always be relied upon to stimulate, tease or irritate one into trying to understand why, if mysticism is seeing the world in a grain of sand, Zen is seeing the grain of sand.

### The Two Freedoms. Poems by Jon Silkin. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

### The Triumph of the Muse, and other poems. By John Heath-Stubbs.

Oxford. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Silkin emerges in his new book as a strong, positive and interesting poet who gets much of his power from slow-moving seventeenth-century-type stanzas, and by the skilful use of emphatic repetitions to bring home his religious themes.

Surely, I thought, Man is  
Ridiculous whose avarice for life  
Is that he must put life  
Back in a cage, cage life; he will increase  
The flow of the cruel gland,  
Then watch, then feel his power and its rage  
Grow and be satisfied.

The title poem, from which those lines come, and the very fine 'Furnished Lives', have an almost Herbertian intensity, a feeling for man's traditional hierarchic position as enslaver of the animal world but restricted, in his turn, by the divine. Pondering this truth about the created world, the poet sees that dignity and freedom are more in danger there than in the protected sanctuary of the poet's own world.

And I turned from the inner heart having no  
further cause  
To look there, to pursue what lay inside,  
And moved to the world not as I would have  
world  
But as it lay before me. . . .

That is a brave and welcome statement of responsibility to reality. It is a pity that its author has allowed into his book some other poems in which words seem to get the better of him rather than he of them, and in which his sustaining influences are weakened by being filtered through Dylan Thomas. For instance, the direct, passionate opening of 'For Two Children' soon loses itself in a flood of 'associated' words which offer no very clear image. His habit of beginning poems with 'And', too, isn't always as successful as in the quotation just given; sometimes he seems to be just starting at random, with no satisfactory *donnée*. His most deeply thought poems are also his best controlled ones, and these are well worth reading.

Mr. Heath-Stubbs' new book is disappointing. He used to write with a nice blend of modernity and antiquarianism, scholar's precision and artist's sensuality, classical elegance and Saxon crankiness. But in *The Triumph of the Muse*, though he still occasionally has his old touch (in 'The Unpredicted', for instance), he seems on the whole to have joined the rear-guard of the high-table versifiers. Ballads, quatrains, couplets, sapphics, *terza rima*—there is plenty of technical variety here, but very little



of it is put to any serious use. The long title poem is one of those Byronesque *conversazioni* on the literary situation, but there isn't nearly enough bite and sparkle to carry it off. And the shorter poems, though highly accomplished, read like mellifluous echoes from the anthologies, complete with the most exquisite fair-copy inversions:

To you confided like a bride  
Her twilight secrets Carcassonne.

Many of these pieces have a certain charm but it is an Alexandrian literary charm. In these hard times one might gratefully settle for that, as the author seems to have done; did he not give occasional, infuriating proof that he is still capable of something more.

### The Beginnings of Christian Art

By D. Talbot Rice.

Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.

Readers already familiar with Professor Talbot Rice's work in the field of Byzantine art may be led by the title of the book under review to suppose that he has now turned his attention to the preceding period of art history, where the designation 'Early Christian' is commonly and usefully applied. If so, they will have been seriously misled. They will find that the beginnings of Christian art have been extended to include the activities of a painter at Mount Athos in the sixteenth century, and they will probably feel that the title is decidedly perverse. Although it covers a very wide field, this is in fact essentially another book about Byzantine art.

But while we may feel that the present title is inadequate, it is not easy to suggest a better, for this is one of those books held together more by the author's personal interests than by the intrinsic coherence of the subject-matter. It is divided into five parts, but fundamentally the contents group themselves around what are called respectively the first and second flowerings of Christian art. In the first we find the well-known monuments of the fifth and sixth centuries; in the second we are conducted through the great period of Byzantine art which extended from the end of the controversy over images in the ninth century to the Fourth Crusade. The first of these flowerings is prefaced by an account of the beginnings of Christian art in the ordinary sense of that term; while to the second is appended an epilogue on the later history of the Byzantine tradition in Greece and the Balkans. Between the two, the development of art in western Europe is traced up to the appearance of the Romanesque style.

Thanks chiefly to the activities of the Iconoclasts the contribution of Byzantium itself to what we know of the first flowering is both modest in amount and riddled with obscurities. By contrast, the role of the metropolis in the second flowering is clear and overwhelming. Perhaps this is why Professor Talbot Rice felt obliged to choose a very general title for his book. But it is becoming increasingly apparent that Byzantium was also a leading protagonist in the development of Christian art in the early centuries, and this might very well have been made the unifying factor in the book.

Unfortunately, however, the unity of the book has been somewhat impaired by the amount of attention devoted to the peripheral

regions of Byzantine art. Or at least some of the peripheral regions, for not all of them are included. The result is a distribution of emphasis which is curiously unbalanced. Thus Carolingian, Ottonian, and Anglo-Saxon art are discussed, but there is not a word about the important wave of Byzantine influence which affected north-west Europe in the second half of the twelfth century. This particular omission is especially unfortunate because the author writes as though Byzantine influence in northern Europe came to an end with the rise of the Romanesque style, which is not true.

Admittedly the subject is unwieldy and one cannot expect all its ramifications to be touched upon. But the point is that the book is written as though they ought to be. It is conceived as an introductory book. We are told that 'it deals with periods and subjects which are not generally familiar'. Presumably as part of the effort to make them more familiar we find everywhere indications of great learning deliberately withheld. On the other hand we are left in no doubt about the author's great enthusiasm for the works of art which he discusses. One only wonders whether it will be as infectious as he hopes. Fundamentally one may question whether a rapid, conducted tour over the whole field is the best way to introduce a comparatively remote and difficult subject to a wider audience. How it should be done no doubt remains a secret which teachers of genius keep to themselves, and to imply that Professor Talbot Rice hasn't found it is not to say that his book has no merits. If it will hardly gain new initiates, it should certainly stimulate interest.

### The Wandering Albatross.

By William Jameson. Hart-Davis. 16s.

The wandering albatross is the largest living creature that flies—big examples reach a wingspan of twelve feet, although their weight averages only some twenty pounds. The species is confined to the region of the west-wind drift in the Southern Ocean, and nests upon only a few far-off islands that are difficult to visit, so that many points in its life history are still unknown. But the most fascinating thing about the albatross is its amazing efficiency as a living sail-plane—for hours on end it slips through the air without apparent effort and with a grace that excites the admiration of the observer.

Admiral Sir William Jameson has been intensely interested in the life and ways of the wandering albatross ever since he first saw one of these magnificent birds from the *Ark Royal* in the South Atlantic Ocean. In this book, besides recording his own careful observations on the birds at sea, he has brought together all the information that he could find about albatrosses in the literature, from the writings of the early navigators to those of the few scientists and explorers who have had the privilege of studying the bird at its remote breeding stations. He includes a most interesting chapter about the fables attached to the bird, and finds that the legend of ill-luck coming to those that slay the albatross originates solely in Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner'. It is only of recent years that the aerodynamics of the soaring flight of the albatross have been worked out, and an absorbing chapter shows how the bird apparently gets 'something for nothing', and is able to travel hundreds of miles without flapping

its wings. The book is charmingly written, and is illustrated with delightful line drawings and a series of beautiful photographs.

### The Enterprise of England. By Thomas Woodrooffe. Faber. 23s.

It is a fine story that Commander Woodrooffe sets out to tell, though an oft-retold one: and he tells it finely, though not, probably, with any claim to be doing anything other than a retelling. There is little new or original excavation on a site already so thoroughly explored by specialists. No references are included, no 'chapter and verse': only a useful bibliography of secondary sources, almost all printed. But clearly it is not that kind of book.

For this cause, maybe, the author will encounter criticism from the specialists, who have found in the Elizabethan story many debatable points of detail, some warmly disputed among themselves: Had Drake the Queen's commission, for instance, on his Voyage of Circumnavigation? What was Burghley's attitude to the whole Anglo-Spanish dispute? To what extent did the English use the tactics of 'the line' in 1588? What was the Armada's real up-Channel formation? (Indeed, *à propos* the last, Commander Woodrooffe must be wrong in detail, for his diagram shows eight of those uncouth galliasses when there were certainly only four.) On such points, however, he has his method—he plumps wholeheartedly for one version, not even mentioning that rival theories exist. Here the experts may well challenge him: but, one suspects, he would not be in the least interested in taking up the challenge; for again this is not that kind of book. What matters is the overall picture, and here he is on altogether stronger ground. For, though some of its lesser tints and shadings may be imperfect, if not technically wrong, the complete portrait is in essence, and often almost indefinitely, right.

This is the secret of the book's worth; and of its charm, for it has that too in abundance. Here was one of England's great formative moments, perhaps her greatest; and, time and again, even where his detail is at its most debatable, Commander Woodrooffe seems to pinpoint the spirit that lies behind and above the detail, and reveals the whole moment with both truth and insight. In the light of this major success criticisms of minor blemishes seem superfluous. For the artistry of the picture is its main strength. It is a canvas depicting characters on a background of contemporary events, and those characters are at once historically and artistically true to life. They are living people who do what they do because they are what they are. Nor are these portraits confined to the prominent figures like Howard, Hawkins and Drake. Less familiar features are delineated, smaller but no less clear-cut: those for example of Gilbert, Davis, Barlow, Dr. Dee and William Borough: people in the other camp too, like Philip II and Medina Sidonia.

'The Enterprise of England', the author explains, was the Spanish name for Philip's assault upon Elizabeth's England which culminated in his Armada's defeat. This forms the denouement of the author's story. But it is not, surely, his sole, or even his main, purpose. That is not *Philip's Enterprise* (with a capital 'E'), but *England's enterprise* (with a little one)—that awakening sea-urge which brought her wealth, prosperity and greatness.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### The W Factor

I COUNT MYSELF FORTUNATE to be given this chance of comparing the B.B.C.'s visual *actualités* with its aural ones, though I must admit that my main feeling last week was the almost guilty pleasure of going to the pictures every night. I expect the guilt (and the guilt?) will wear off; meanwhile my critical faculties are dazzled by television's very high W (or wonder) factor. Radio is older than I am, it has always been there; not so the new enchantress. It's obvious that our sixty-year-old smiling public men have fallen completely in love with her. 'Look', I keep shouting admiringly to my wife, 'the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, President Chamoun, Jean Borotra. They Are Here!' Or, alternatively, we are there.

Auden once wrote that private faces in public places are wiser and nicer than public faces in private places. But perhaps there aren't any private places now. I don't know whether Dr. Fisher invaded our sitting-room or we his, but he certainly lived up to his reputation for controversy. When Richard Dimbleby asked him straight out what he thought about Archbishop Makarios, he jolly well told us: at which the W factor went up still higher, along with the eyebrows of Archbishop Theoklitos. This has given me an idea for a new 'You Are There' programme: Mr. Dimbleby leaning forward keenly and saying to Thomas Becket 'Now, Your Grace, you have been described as a turbulent priest...'

The latest edition of 'Monitor' (June 22) brought us interviews with two famous musical personalities. I was enchanted with Maria Callas, who talked with such fluency and intelligence that I completely forgot all the popular-press stuff about tempestuous *prima donnas*, though she is a *prima donna* to her fingertips. 'Somehow or other', she said, 'I've never been offered small parts': and looking at those flashing black eyes and that captivating smile, I really wasn't surprised. Every turn of the head, every pause, even the way she sat, bespoke a great artist. I liked her definition of singing as a nicer way of speaking as much as I did her defence, to me unanswerable, of opera in the original language.

The other interview in 'Monitor' was with Benjamin Britten. We started with some evocative shots of Aldeburgh, and the composer in his familiar cardigan walking on that flat, bleak shore which has

inspired so much of his music. This year's Aldeburgh festival includes a new Britten opera, 'Noye's Fludde', written for the school-children of Suffolk. We saw some rehearsals of this, and heard Britten himself express his belief in children as performers and audience. He said he liked to write music which would be useful and please those for whom it was written. Watching the boys banging a row of mugs slung up on a piece of string, and hearing the treble voices leaping up to the challenge of the new work and making it sound so easy, one felt how right Britten was to value spontaneity and naturalness as against the laboured self-consciousness of so much modern music which sounds as hard to perform as it is to listen to.

Britten's self-effacing modesty seemed a perfect foil to the electric vitality of Mme. Callas: the two interviews offered a fascinating contrast between the extroverted interpretative artist and the introverted creative one.

The main item in last week's 'Panorama' was Woodrow Wyatt's report from the Lebanon. He interviewed various people in a quick and intriguing succession of close-ups which almost made me think I was watching an Eric Ambler thriller. Despite the rebels, business, it seems, is still good, particularly if you're in life insurance.

'Panorama' also showed us round Jersey, where income tax is four shillings in the pound and M.P.s get no pay and belong to no parties. The result is an island paradise for the rich—the President of Tourism wore a large and satisfied smile throughout his interview; but the workers have no representation and some of them evidently feel that Norman feudalism has its dis-



The Archbishop of Canterbury being interviewed by Richard Dimbleby during an outside broadcast from Lambeth Palace on June 25

advantages. Finally, Mr. Dimbleby introduced a brief interview with U.S. advertising expert Vance Packard by a commercial flash which sent me dashing to my set thinking there had been an invasion from Channel Nine; and this on an evening when I still hadn't recovered from another unnerving experience when a reporter in 'Tonight', interviewing the driver of a traction engine, asked him how much it weighed. 'About fifteen tons', came the answer, to which the interviewer said, very politely, 'Would you mind moving forward a bit please? You're on my foot'. The engine moved forward, the interviewer limped away. Never a dull moment.

K. W. GRANSDEN

### DRAMA

#### Summer Weight?

THERE ARE TIMES when there seems to be an ingrained conviction among those mysterious people who plan the programmes of B.B.C. Television that human nature—in total contradiction to Virginia Woolf — undergoes an abrupt and complete change round about June 1 every year. All those depths of awareness, all that capacity to be moved, mentally stimulated, and even to experience catharsis, dissolve in the summer sun and the single craving to be entertained with light summer fare supervenes. Then the planning machinery suddenly and inexplicably corrects its bias, someone dares to represent in modern dress in high midsummer the classic story of Antigone's



Benjamin Britten (right) in a scene from the film made by John Schlesinger in Aldeburgh which was seen in 'Monitor' on June 22





'...View Friendship and Marriage', on June 29: (left to right) Bessie Love as Mrs. Dudley-Brown, Ralph Michael as Captain Skinner, Albert Finney as Arnold, and Avril Elgar as Louise



'Yvette', on June 26: (left to right) Sheila Ballantine as Adelina, Roger Gage as Maurice Donnay, Eric Thompson as Toulouse-Lautrec (centre front), Colin Jeavons as Xanrof, and Rachel Roberts as Yvette Guilbert

passionate devotion to her dead brother, and human nature re-emerges triumphantly in the round.

Tuesday night's play, 'Afternoon for Antigone', brought Esmond Knight back in the role of James Oldroyd, a wealthy mill-owner whose obsessional drives force him to implacable preoccupation with the mill, even on the day of the funeral of his own son who has committed suicide. Representing the homely background of a Midland family it is easy to fall into that brand of sentimentality clotted with luv and dear which produces a costive play, but Willis Hall, the author, gave his players lines which were genuinely felt, and Esmond Knight's first attempts upon Oldroyd's craggy exterior deepened as the play developed until we were involved in the dour stupidity, the courage and bewildering conviction of rightness which constituted Oldroyd's inner life. 'It ain't so much people's ignorance that matters; it's their knowing so many things that ain't so', Mr. Josh Billings of the United States once remarked, and Esmond Knight not merely gave this living embodiment; he made a fine thing of Oldroyd's justification of everything he did. When he reveals to his daughter Hester that her dead brother Kenneth was a thriftless weakling constantly borrowing money to buy him off from fresh disasters, she remains passionately devoted to Kenneth, launches an attack on her father and exposes the true motive behind his apparent devotion to his son as a deeper concern for the mill. Gwen Watford as Hester Oldroyd took her time to get into the part, but she made a satisfying fury of her final walk out into a foggy afternoon full of foreboding.

Where the original Antigone was walled up by Creon in a tomb and in that stifling darkness suffered slow suffocation until she was driven to hang herself, the modern Hester throws herself under a lorry, and somehow the mechanical reality of that blundering machine—how different a chariot might have been—undermined the tragic stature of the play. Peter Dews' production went rather slowly but, all in all, it was a very worth-while piece of television drama.

Step back into that gay, nostalgic absinthe-ridden Paris of the 'nineties when Toulouse-Lautrec frequented the Moulin Rouge and the gawky, flat-chested Yvette Guilbert climbed out of near-starvation to become more original and outrageous as she approached the vulgar peak of the *disease's* life. It should all smell of grease-paint, disreputability, the smoky gas-lit air alive with smut, gaiety, and Latin wit. Never for one moment did I get this illusion in Thursday

night's (June 26) production of 'Yvette' by Virginia Vernon, but the play itself appeared to make little provision for such scenes. What is a producer to do when the boisterous background indispensable to the peak of Yvette's career is missing and no substitute supplied? Perhaps there was some powerful reason why film clips from Jose Ferrer's film 'Moulin Rouge' could not be used, but I waited continuously for the garish interiors and music of the Moulin Rouge to break through, and the whole affair became steadily more Anglicised until I found it hard to discover the Gallic Yvette, with her French verve, under the slightly Manchester accent of Rachel Roberts. Of course, Yvette sets a monster casting problem. What English actress could have that Gallic attack, the gawky flamboyance, the wire-drawn sophistication and the ability to hypnotise an audience with her voice, which Yvette demands? It was an ambitious production. The early days came through convincingly, Anne Blake gave a poised portrait of frugal gentility as Yvette's mother, and Nigel Stock was effectively the husband, but Rachel Roberts remained immutably Anglo-Saxon in those moments when coarseness needed the redemption of French panache.

Ironically, the verve which was missing from Yvette appeared in a televised excerpt from the Garrick Theatre of 'What Shall We Tell Caro-



Esmond Knight (left) as James Oldroyd, Gwen Watford as Hester Oldroyd, and Frank Atkinson as Tom Carter, in 'Afternoon for Antigone', on June 24

line?', by that undeniably Anglo-Saxon author John Mortimer. Michael Hordern, the Don Juan of Earls Court Road and a thousand imaginary loves, maddened the schoolmaster-husband with determined and highly infectious gaiety, and Brenda Bruce gave us a satisfying representation of the schoolmaster's wife who had suffered a surfeit of brawling brothers accustomed to call her Bill instead of Lily. This had pace, vitality, original dialogue. Twenty-five stimulating minutes like a shot in the arm.

VINCENT BROME

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Radio Forever

MY PREDECESSOR, Mr. Roy Walker, chronicled a fateful eighteen months in the life of radio drama. In his farewell last week he kindly introduced me and lamented the while the dwindling proportion of theatrical drama on radio.

Though I have great admiration for him as a dramatic critic and wish to emulate his enthusiasm for drama in any and every medium, I want to make it clear that I do not share his views on radio's potentially parlous future. Though I look forward to radio productions of plays which have not been given a stage performance in Britain or in English and though I welcome radio reminders of the greatness of our national playhouse repertory, I am more especially interested in scripts designed for the medium. I belong to the generation that was born shortly after the birth of broadcasting and I listen to the radio not as a substitute for theatre but as an art in its own right. I have listened to it grow, and consider that a great disservice would be done to literature and to the theatre proper if radio drama were to dwindle for lack of either funds or a clear sense of the direction that radio writers and producers ought to take. There are many today who feel that radio is now a waste of public money and they will not change their opinions until they have been convinced that it can do things which cannot be achieved on the stage or the cinema and television screens. The medium faces a crisis, and the solution to it lies with writers and producers who can show that radio literature has a justifiable place in the literary pantheon.

After championing radio drama so roundly I ought to apologise for dealing first with Jean Anouilh's 'Romeo and Jeannette' (Third), which belongs to the stage rather than to radio. It is the twelfth of the author's works to be broadcast and this was its first national performance. Not



having seen a theatre production but gathering that it was not altogether successful I felt that last week's production by Mr. Raymond Raikes brought out some of the faults that made it unpopular. The play has been called an anti-romantic 'Romeo and Juliet' and the two sisters Julia and Jeannette are said to be complementary: it is, if anything, a-romantic and one should be forgiven for refusing to allow the playwright to get away with any fancy notion that two of the characters are in fact one person. Romeo (Frédéric) goes to meet his future in-laws in Brittany in the company of his mother and his fiancée, Julia, who is a sweetie. His fiancée's sister, Jeannette, a wild creature who consorts with local farmers in the woods and who keeps a chicken as a pet, falls in love with him. Their progress in love is commented upon by the girls' bucolic father, who holds that only lechery is worth living for, and by their cuckolded brother, who sees that their kind of love can only end in death. As the anti-lover, the brother Lucien, played superbly by Hugh Burden, is the honest man turned cynic and is the play's most successful character. In spite of his lingo-ish counsels Romeo and Jeannette die gothically in an advancing tide which supports the contention, not really stated, that love is, after all, still something to die for.

Gaps between intention and achievement are not confined to the play's philosophy. Jeannette's wildness, almost madness, when she meets Frédéric contrasts strangely with her later billing and cooing. Miss June Tobin did her best with this sudden change of tack which may of course seem more credible on the stage where one can see what a look means. On the radio the play seemed to break its back at this point, and I felt that the fault lay with M. Anouilh rather than with Mr. Raikes. On a more general point I felt that Mr. Raikes should try producing this play again with a more country-sounding cast. M. Anouilh intended a workaday version of 'Romeo and Juliet' and must have chosen his Breton backcloth deliberately. His Breton farmers seemed to have come from Kensington and not from the French equivalent of the Mary Webb country.

In Barbara Bray's script and production of Mr. L. P. Hartley's story 'The Hireling' (Home), Noel Johnson showed the way to flavour without accent in his fine portrait of a hire-car chauffeur who falls in love with a rich young widow. His script not only gave him fine occupational language (falling in love without due care and attention); he evoked that sad, lonely, costly, petrol-laden atmosphere which hangs over hire cars with their navy blue seats and their polished ebony bonnets. His performance was brought to nought by the plot which had one of those endings that one begins to associate with Mr. Hartley whenever he starts the class-war here only to bury it when the going gets tough. The hireling should have married the widow and made an end, but he is sacrificed to the mores of the class structure and drives his car very unprofessionally over a bridge. The story hardly deserved the cool and listening production that Miss Bray gave it. Her quiet ending, suggesting that one has taken part in a life continuing, was a sure radio touch.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Angry Old Man

LET IT BE ADMITTED that Ezra Pound has every reason to be angry. Put in a cage and carried about like some fierce bird on his capture by the American troops in Italy; shut up in a mental home for twelve years and now at last let out, in response to the pressure of world opinion, but stigmatized as incurably insane, is this the

way to treat a great poet, a man who has had more influence on poetry in our time than anyone else? (Let it also be admitted that Pound was at least not hanged as a traitor, as he might have been.) Maybe a cage or a lunatic asylum is the only place for a poet in our commercial-technological civilisation. But having said all that, one can only regret the monomania that spreads like a stain over so much of the Cantos, till we come at last to the eighty-eighth in 'Section Rockdrill' which is principally devoted to a diatribe against the banks and a bewildering maze of trade statistics.

In fact, it was only under protest that Pound consented to record a reading of the beautiful First Canto, broadcast on the Third on Friday evening in the second part of D. G. Bridson's programme. He would read it, he said, but it was 'against his principles'. The reading which followed, with its fine articulation, was so liturgical that one half-expected it to conclude 'Here endeth the First Lesson'. Pound then turned with grim determination to a rendering of the Usury Cantos (XLV and LI) which, unlike the Bentham Canto that preceded them, were still recognisable as poetry. As for the delivery of the long eighty-eighth Canto, the voice with its rasping exasperation had very much the same effect on the ear as a rock drill. This was even more noticeable, perhaps, in the reading of the long poem, a bitter biography of an American statesman which Pound's friends had advised him to suppress, heard on the previous Saturday. Preceded by the autobiographical 'Four Steps'—that is to say, four steps in the poet's disillusionment in American democracy—this ended with the defiant remark: 'And that is why, when I got hold of a microphone I used it'—a reference, of course, to the broadcasts from Rome during the war. Pound bolstered up Mussolini and Hitler as 'your natural leaders' because he had discovered that there was no freedom for the individual in America. Surely a disastrous step in anyone wishing to be taken seriously as a political thinker!

Alas, poor Pound! It is this very anger and mad aggressiveness, steadily mounting with the years and hardly helped by his confinement in a mental home, that has come near to submerging the poet in him altogether. Anger and bitterness were again the dominant notes in his remarks on modern painting which followed the reading of the Cantos. For he could see little in modern art but ignobility, depravity and 'the filth of hell'. And, he added as a parting shot, 'the American milieu is filled with poison that did not get there by accident'.

Much the same feeling, on a far more undeveloped and adolescent plane, is evident behind the work of the so-called beat generation of American writers, the subject of Alan Pryce-Jones's talk on the Third on Tuesday evening. This group includes Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William Seward Burroughs (any relation to Edgar Rice Burroughs of *Tarzan* fame?), Neal Cassady, and others. They are the New Bohemians American style, in revolt against all cultural values, with a cult of violence, irrational instinct, 'blood' and jazz. What distinguishes them from the Bohemians of the nineteen-twenties, who were sophisticated and cosmopolitan, is their determined provinciality and the notion that to be 'hopped up' is all that matters. As they do not think feeling can be expressed in language, one wonders why they write at all, except that they are obviously on to a good thing. Kerouac responds to most things with a 'Wow!' That is what is known as 'bop language'. His *On the Road*—as Alan Pryce-Jones remarked, they are all on a perpetual hike which leads nowhere—was a best seller. The excellent summing up of their work in the current number of *Partisan Review*,

quoted by Mr. Pryce-Jones, defines the movement as the revolt of the spiritually underprivileged and the crippled of soul: 'young men who can't think straight and so hate anyone who can; young men who can't get out of the morass of self—young men who are burdened unto death with the specially poignant sexual anxiety in America in its eternal promise of erotic glory and its spiteful withholding of actual erotic possibility'. Otherwise dignified under the name of the San Francisco Renaissance, the movement got off to a screaming start with Ginsberg's *Howl*. This outburst of anarchic, adolescent student life has its parallel in another art—*tachisme* and action painting, where the painter has abdicated in favour of the donkey's tail.

PHILIP HENDERSON

## MUSIC

### Contrasts

THE LAST OF SIX PROGRAMMES devoted to contemporary choral music contained Carl Orff's 'Catulli Carmina' and Dallapiccola's 'Canti di Prigionia'. Both works employ an orchestra consisting of pianofortes and percussion, but there the resemblance ends. For Orff's dramatic cantata, composed in 1943, is a hysterical product of an era when German youths and girls were encouraged to propagate the race, like animals in a stud-farm, for the benefit of the Reich. The juxtaposition of this exhibition of *Hitlerjugendismus*, even though the text of the introduction was bowdlerised, with Dallapiccola's sensitive and beautiful 'Songs from Prison' seems to me doubly indecent. For these settings of Mary Stuart's Prayer before her execution, the Invocation of Boethius who was put to death by Theodoric, and Savonarola's Farewell were conscious, if veiled, protests against the regimes, whose more cheerful, if still nasty side, Orff depicted. As music, 'Catulli Carmina' uses the same naive technical procedures as the earlier 'Carmina Burana', but here they have degenerated into *faux-naïf* mannerism. The B.B.C. Chorus, under the direction of Maurice Miles, did not enter into the spirit of the work with much gusto. Perhaps they found it distasteful. They sang Dallapiccola's much more exacting music better and brought out the compassionate feeling that is the composer's special source of inspiration.

Glyndebourne also gave us two contrasted (but nicely contrasted) operas during the week. 'Le Nozze di Figaro' was the first opera produced in Mr. Christie's theatre and it has always been the most consistently successful of the Mozartian cycle. We tend to forget that it was Carl Ebert's original production there, with Fritz Busch at the conductor's desk, that fully brought out the strong dramatic conflict and the social antagonisms underlying what had usually been played as a piece of conventional comic intrigue. In this year's production Geraint Evans, besides singing his music magnificently, maintains the character of Figaro as a potentially dangerous person to cross. And Graziella Sciutti's Susanna, likewise beautifully sung, brought out the wit and resourcefulness of the girl. It was no ordinary soubrette who put that intonation into the 'din din' of the second duet in Act I.

There is a new Cherubino this year and Teresa Berganza is quite one of the best we have heard there or elsewhere. She has, to begin with, the right reedy, masculine quality of tone to suggest the boy, and her vocal style is excellent. She sang her *canzona* with lovely line and in exactly the right unaffected manner. Incidentally, she was supported by a particularly beautiful accompaniment from the orchestra. The other newcomers were Mihaly Szekely, an admirably resonant Bartolo, who sang his air without too much caricature and provided a firm bass in the



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ensembles, and Mary Illing, who made exactly the right effect in Barbarina's little song about the lost pin.

I confess I do not greatly care for Hugues Cuenod's conception of Don Basilio, a part that, for some reason or other, seems to have baffled the producer, who has never given us a really satisfactory version of this intriguing character. On the musical side, too, much more can be made of his apology for his scandal-mongering and subsequent malicious glee when he is proved right in the first act ('In mal punto, etc.'). Perhaps Cuenod's voice is, by nature, too dry to express Basilio's unctuous hypocrisy. Michel Roux's is certainly too dry for Count

Almaviva and, though he managed to project the aristocratic character, he never seemed formidable as a seducer. Pilar Lorengar's Countess, too, is not quite of the right stature. It is pretty rather than serenely beautiful. So the full pathos and the dominance of the character were lacking. As a singer, she was apt to lag behind the beat in both 'Porgi amor' and 'Dove sono'. Her best singing was in the letter-duet with Sciutti, where the two voices blended delightfully. Still, it was a most enjoyable performance, to which Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt's firm direction, brusque in the Overture as befitted this version of the opera, contributed enormously. Only once, at the beginning of the first

finale which was hustled along too fast, did his tempo seem misjudged.

Stravinsky's 'The Rake's Progress' received an equally good performance under Paul Sacher's direction on Saturday. Elsie Morison, as before a charming and pathetic Anne, is singing better than ever, and how much feeling she discovers in the jejune-looking music! Richard Lewis, though never convincingly rakish, sang with splendid tone and sure musicianship. And there were, among other good performances, Gloria Lane's richly comic Baba and Otakar Kraus' Shadow, a sinister, if not always musically agreeable, figure.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Music of Herbert Murrill

By ALAN FRANK

Orchestral music (including Cello Concerto No. 2) and songs by Herbert Murrill will be broadcast on Sunday, July 6, at 9.45 p.m.; instrumental music on Tuesday, July 8, at 9.45 p.m.; piano music on Thursday, July 10, at 6.45 p.m. (all Home Service), and instrumental music and songs on Saturday, July 12, at 10.30 p.m. (Third)

COMPREHENSIBILITY is out of fashion these days—and not only, it seems, in music. Some months ago, in a review in THE LISTENER of an exhibition of paintings by the admirable (but comprehensible) young French painter, André Minaux, it was pointed out that 'a painter who wants to please a truly discerning public must beware of being too comprehensible. If he fails in this respect, if the ordinary man in the street—*il volgo*—can see what he is up to, if for one moment he deviates into comprehensibility or good sense, then, you may depend upon it, he will be very severely treated by the top people. M. André Minaux . . . sins gravely in this respect'—and so does the music of Herbert Murrill. For his work is a model of clarity, it makes immediate sense, it is easily grasped. It needs therefore no apologist, writing in THE LISTENER or elsewhere, to explain its intentions. For these reasons and since his output was in any case modest, Herbert Murrill's music received little attention from the 'top people' of *avant-garde* circles even in his life-time. Since his death opportunities of hearing his works have not been frequent, and the chance now offered to us of hearing a great deal of his output, in the current series of broadcasts, is most welcome.

Murrill died in 1952 at the age of forty-three, Constant Lambert in 1951, at the age of forty-six. In their deaths this country lost two of its most brilliant and versatile musicians. They had some qualities in common—a love of French music, especially of French music written between the two wars, a love of jazz, and an enthusiasm for the clean, vigorous lines of eighteenth-century English music. Though they shared these likings, which in turn influenced their own music, it cannot be said that there is a marked stylistic resemblance between the two composers, except that they both passionately abhorred the grand manner. In Murrill's case—as indeed in Lambert's—it can be argued that his many other duties in the music profession (he was an incisive teacher and lecturer, an organist and pianist, and a remarkable administrator who became the B.B.C.'s Head of Music) gave him little enough time to write any music; and that therefore works on the grand scale were out of the question.

I believe myself that, even if Murrill had been able to devote his whole time to composition, and had his life not been so tragically curtailed, he would still not have been drawn to working on a large scale, to producing strings of symphonies and the like. With his acute, critical

mind he knew his own limitations, and knew better than to strain his powers or to inflate his ideas. If he was a devastating critic of other composers' music, he could equally direct the shaft against himself, sometimes doing himself less than justice. I remember his telling me that the best music in his Recorder Sonata was to be found in the first seven notes in the recorder part: the rest of this delightful work he dismissed with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders!

Murrill's most important composition was his Cello Concerto of 1950. It was the last work which he completed. It is significant and relevant to the scale of values which he observed that this Concerto, which has all the elements of a full-scale work, in fact occupies little more than a quarter of an hour. The features of four normal-size movements have been satisfactorily crystallised into one continuous structure. The 'first movement' opens with a prelude figure, continuously rising from the cello's lowest note to the G three-and-a-half octaves higher. This leads into a warm and passionate Allegro, and it is worth noting at this point that, despite the economy of means which Murrill invariably employed, this economy was not linked, as it tends frequently to be, with any suggestion of austerity or coldness. On the contrary, Murrill's music was warm-hearted and lyrical, often richly satisfying harmonically, but never cloying or clotted in texture.

Certainly one of his finest and most moving stretches of lyrical writing is to be found in the third section of the Cello Concerto—the equivalent of the slow movement—following the Scherzo. This section uses a most haunting Catalan tune, *El Cant dels Ocells* (Song of the Birds), which was given to the composer by Casals, to whom the Concerto is dedicated. It is first heard high up on the solo cello, and its pathetic, expressive quality is matched beautifully by Murrill's sensitive harmonic setting and by the orchestral colouring (most striking, for example, is the accompaniment of the soloist's first statement of the tune, which is scored largely for three solo cellos from the orchestra and two horns). The final section, perhaps as a compliment to Casals, maintains and exploits a distinctly Spanish flavour, with its characteristic alternation of 3/4 and 6/8 rhythms and a suggestion of a bolero background to the majestic restatement of the opening prelude figure. With its extremely well-written solo part, which is allowed its full effect by a tactfully light orchestral texture, the

Concerto is a distinctive, but not epochal, addition to the cellist's still limited repertoire.

Besides the Cello Concerto, Murrill wrote very little orchestral music. There is the gay and impudent set of 'Three Hornpipes', very much music of the nineteen-twenties—one of them was written when the composer was only nineteen; and a most delightful work for string orchestra, settings of Country Dances, which could become an English 'Capriol' (Warlock's famous work used, of course, French dance tunes). But the rest of Murrill's output was mostly in the fields of chamber music, instrumental solos, and songs. His only String Quartet, of 1940, has a highly effective if not very original first movement, and a most entertaining finale which clearly shows Murrill's liking for sophisticated jazz. The 'Suite Française' for harpsichord or piano, displays in its style, as well as its title, his Gallic affinities. It is a sparkling suite, originally written for the outstanding French harpsichordist, Marcelle de Lacour, and each of its five short, crisp movements cleverly echoes in present-day terms the *galant* style of the eighteenth century. The three inner movements are especially appealing—*Air Gai*, *Air Sérieux*, and above all the delicate and gracious *Air Champêtre*.

Murrill understood voices just as well as instruments. After he came down from Oxford, where he had been organ scholar at Worcester College, he held for years the post of organist and choirmaster of a London church. His setting of the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis makes one regret that he did not write more music for the Church's use. It is one of the few modern settings which is both practical in performance, which scrupulously observes liturgical fitness, and which yet succeeds in holding the musician's attention (as much church music of our time, it is to be regretted, does not). For solo voice there are two settings of poems by Herrick, of which particularly 'To Music, to becalm his fever' is one of the most moving of post-Warlock songs, with a quite ravishing opening phrase.

It would be wrong to make exaggerated claims for Murrill's music. But his work was always polished, civilised, and grateful to both performer and listener. He was able to achieve freshness without exploring new or *outré* idioms, and his compositions without exception avoid diffuseness or pomposity. There is room, surely, among the greater figures of modern English music for the 'little master' whose work can give as much intelligent pleasure as Herbert Murrill's does.





## the things they say!



*This is the Age of the Common Man, all right!*

Maybe, but even today I doubt if the worker gets a proper stake in industry.

*Things are changing, though.*

Not that I've noticed.

*Well, quite a number of concerns now have profit-sharing schemes, and some — like I.C.I.'s — also enable their employees to become stockholders.*

Yes, but these schemes are only smokescreens. The bosses simply depress wages to find the money to pay for them.

*That's where you're wrong. I.C.I. workers get the wages that have been negotiated on their behalf by seventeen Trade Unions. Any benefits they receive under the Company's profit-sharing scheme are over and above what they get in their pay envelopes.*

Yes, but I.C.I. isn't Santa Claus. If the wages don't suffer, something else must — amenities or something.

*Wrong again, friend. I.C.I.'s policy has led to a steady improvement in the service conditions of its employees, and the profit-sharing scheme is just another example.*

*From now on, the employees are going forward with the stockholders as*

*joint partners in their own efficient and expanding business.*





# How To Deal with Dry Rot and Woodworm

By H. J. ELDRIDGE

**T**HE dry-rot fungus, or to give it its correct name, *merulius lachrymans*, is one of several types of fungus which attack and destroy timber, but it is the one which causes most damage in houses. Like all other plants, it needs moisture, and since wood is its natural food the dry-rot fungus will usually start to grow in damp, unventilated spaces. Having used up all the moisture and food in the timber, it leaves it dry and powdery, hence 'dry rot'.

The first indication of dry rot in a house is often the collapse of a floor board or the peeping out of the fungus through the joints in the woodwork. Attacks of dry rot may be recognised by the presence of fleshy fruiting bodies, similar to mushrooms, by the timber being weak and splitting along and across the grain, or by the presence of reddish-brown powder which is the seed spores from the fruiting bodies.

An outbreak of dry rot in a house is generally a matter for the builder to deal with. Having found the reason for the dampness, the necessary work must be done to prevent any further dampness occurring. All the affected timber must be cut out, and it is wise to remove apparently good timber for a distance of about one foot from the adjacent rotted timber. All this timber must be burnt immediately so as to prevent the infection being spread. Do not put it by for use as firewood. All the woodwork in the immediate vicinity of the outbreak should be treated with a preservative, and if the fungus has spread along any brickwork it will be necessary to treat that. A blow-lamp is often used for this purpose, but do not try doing this yourself. It is useful in such cases to have the new timber treated with preservative before placing it in position. Timber can be bought impregnated with preservative.

A useful leaflet on the subject of dry rot has been published by Her Majesty's Stationery Office, and is entitled *Dry Rot*. It can be obtained by writing to P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1, enclosing 6d. for postage, or from any of the local offices of the Stationery Office.

This is the best time of the year for dealing with furniture and other woodwork affected by woodworm. The presence of active woodworm in timber is shown by holes in the surface leading into the interior and a fine powder near the hole or on the floor near the piece of furniture or woodwork. The woodworm is the grub of a beetle, and the one you are most likely to find in your house, if you have any beetles at all, is the common furniture beetle. These beetles lay their eggs during the spring and summer months and subsequently the grubs hatch out and bore their way through the timber. The grubs will continue boring for a year or two and then eventually change into fully developed beetles which gnaw their way out of the timber and lay eggs, and the cycle of life then begins again.

New timber can be treated with insecticides to counteract infestation by beetles, and some builders do this as a normal operation. Timber which has been affected by woodworm can also be treated, and there are a number of proprietary insecticides available for the purpose. These are liquids that should be brushed liberally on the infested timber, especially into crevices and exit holes. If the timber is badly infested you may not be able to exterminate the beetles and grubs completely the first time, so keep a watch for signs of further activity in the form of dust and fresh exit holes, and if you see any then treat with more insecticide.

More detailed information about the various

types of beetles and the method of dealing with them is given in a leaflet published by H.M. Stationery Office. The leaflet is entitled *Woodworm* and is known as M.O.W. Advisory Leaflet No. 42.—'Today' (Home Service)

## Notes on Contributors

MICHAEL HOWARD (page 3): Lecturer in War Studies, London University; editor of *Soldiers and Governments*

ANTHONY RHODES (page 5): author of *The Dalmatian Coast, Where the Turk Trod*; has just returned from a visit to Czechoslovakia.

L. J. BLOM-COOPER (page 6): legal correspondent of *The Observer* and *The Manchester Guardian*

SIR GAVIN DE BEER, F.R.S. (page 11): Director, British Museum (Natural History) since 1950; editor and part author of *Evolution: Essays presented to E. S. Goodrich*; author of *Alps and Elephants*, etc.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES (page 15): editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*; author of *Nelson, An Opera*, etc.

REV. ALEC VIDLER, Litt.D. (page 17): Fellow and Dean of King's College, Cambridge, since 1956; author of *Essays in Liberalism, Christian Belief and this World*, etc.

MARGARET MEDLEY (page 24): in charge of Eastern Art Section of Library at School of Oriental Studies; Oriental Guide-Lecturer at Victoria and Albert Museum

George Bull, whose talk on 'Britain and Japanese Economic Policy' was published last week, is Foreign News Editor of *The Financial Times* and not, as stated, Assistant Foreign News Editor.

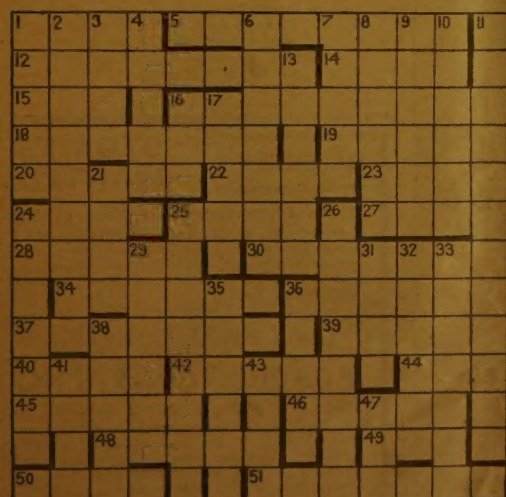
## Crossword No. 1,466.

## Modern Fates.

## By Nut

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The fates of classical mythology could perhaps have been described as the 24 down, the 10 down, and the 29 down. The same terms are used in the puzzle in a more modern context. Unclued lights are particular examples of the general terms. (51 across is plural). Unchecked letters give ATROPOS FRECKLES BLIGHTED HELLS BYKE.

### CLUES—ACROSS

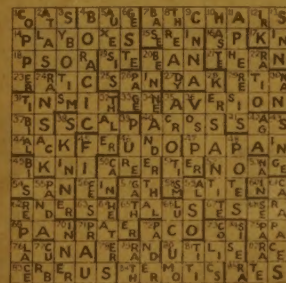
1. Track where 4 and 50 are often to be found (4)
5. Normal summer delivery of 4 (3-5)
14. As soon as ice container is broken up (4)
15. Head of fury found in bar (3)
16. Points accusing finger at study weights (9)
18. Book substitute (7)
19. Trickles through seat to begin with (5)
20. Lobby the field (5)
22. A 15 could produce these fruity outgrowths (4)
23. Miltonic land of devilry (4)
24. Never left on board (4)
- 25R. The French poles for legumes (4)
27. English socialist turns up old injury (4)
28. Match against chance beginning between the wickets (5)
34. Sort of unreal dorsal (6)
36. 5, for instance, is through the air (6)
37. Store laid by encourages laying (4, 3)
39. Waterfall power (5)
- 40R. Mark 90 causes grief (4)
42. Mongolian ocean reveals half of Buddhist leader (5)
44. The Spanish address here could be arm band in Australia (3)
- 45R. To see and not in a way compete is to run through Spenser (5)
46. Province of thousand true men (5)
- 48R. Live with change of air on African coast (5)
49. The start of a cross-ruff. Be attentive (3)

### DOWN

1. . . . Ben Jonson' (1, 4)
6. Attributed of a belle. 4 has one when the 28 is lively (4, 3)

7. It's a bumper. Get moving (5)
8. The Muses, for instance (6)
9. Almost a hole in one. Then give up. Agree? (6)
11. Condemn decision to no-bid (4, 8)
13. A misplaced foot can result in this and cost an extra (2-4)
16. It's dull when devilry has lost its stuffing and 15 is welcome (3)
25. Cut up colloquial prize at Christmas (5, 3)
- 31R. Creator of north of Thames counterpart to 1 across (4)
33. A 5 is one if you are a right-hander (7)
35. Stones produce a means of 20 in copper coin (6)
- 38R. Provides for almost an endearing touch (5)
41. Pass silent information to one's partner (4)
47. One is silly but two together and in comes your killer (3)

## Solution of No. 1,464



### NOTES

Across: 19. TIES\*. 21. T(HER)A(N). 31. T(EN)SMITH. 46. S(UNDO)G. 51. T(ERR)IER. 69. Swinburne. 73. 'Così fan tutti'. 80. U.T.I.L(I)S(E). 83. SURE.BR.EC rev.  
Down: 5. A.U.X.E.SIS. 32. HALTER\*. 35. A.C.R.O.TIS.M; 'Miss Otis Regrets'. 55. PAN.DA. 66. LU(CK)CUM.O. 72. PANDER(MA). 78. COL(IC = 99)S.

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